

THE  
DESTRUCTION

OF

2  
TROY,

A

TRAGEDY,

As Performed at His

Royal Highness

THE

DUKE's Theatre.

---

Written by JOHN BANKES.

---

Fortunam Priami cantabo & Nobile Bellum.  
*Quid dignum tanto feret hic Promissor hiatus?*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

---

Licensed January 29. 1679.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

---

London, Printed by A. G. and J. P. and are to be Sold by Charles Blount, at  
the Black-Raven in the Strand, near the Savoy. 1679.

DESTRUCTION

TRAY

ROYAL



THEATRE

DUKE'S

THEATRE

THEATRE





TO THE  
RIGHT  
HONOURABLE  
THE LADY  
KATHERINE ROOS.

MADAM,

**S**uch always has been the *Jurisdiction*, and so Supreme and Excellent the *Authority* of the *Fair*, *Noble*, and *Virtuous*, that Poets seem to be created for no other Purpose, but as anointed, to be the *Voice* of their *Oracles*, and to attend, and repeat 'em with as much Reverence as Priests do at the Altars of the Divinities they worship; to teach Mankind how to honour them when Living; and when Dead, to enlarge, and transmit their *Noble*

## The Dedication.

*Actions* to Posterity: And whilst the World lasts, this will be the most spacious and delightful *Theme*, and will give the loftiest, and divinest Grace to *Poetry*; this made *Homer* sing, he that was *blind*, had ev'n that Inspiration; and *BEAUTY* from the Beginning has never fail'd to have more *Adorers* than the Gods: Nay it has still had such Power, that it has bin the Author of as strange *Miracles*; It has oft times made the Miser a Prodigal; the Old, Young; and the Coward, Valiant: what has it not done when joyn'd with *VIRTUE*? And what are You not able to inspire, in whom *both* excel; that Your Poet cou'd never be said to run on too lavish in Your *Encomium*? For Your *Fame* wou'd put a *Blush* upon all (as too mean) that can be said of You; and not accuse me of *Flattery*, if I cou'd describe You with as much Art as that rare Painter, who pictur'd his *Venus* with all the *Smiles*, and *Graces* of Woman-kind put together. How justly then have I heard the World admire at the infinite *Happiness* of Your LORD — But (pardon me, *Madam*) this is a *Stream* wou'd glide me insensibly away, and if I do not check my self, I shall like inspir'd Prophets, say *Wonders* not to be believ'd, in such a *Style* as our best Poets have fail'd in. Therefore as one that is more a *Plain Dealer* than a *Courtier*, I will leave my self severely to be censur'd by all that know You, for not revealing Your Ladiships *Character* as I ought, rather then put angry *Blushes* on your Cheeks by an unexpected Assault of so many rude Phrases: for *Virtue* so delicate, and tender as Yours, is sooner touch'd, and offended at the hearing of its just *Praises*, than at the *Calumny* of the Envious, and *De-racters*; and I protest to Your Ladiship, I had rather  
owe

## The Dedication.

owe my Bread to Charity, then be thought to earn it at so vile a Rate; only grant me leave to Sail a little into the Relation of the *Justness*, and *Gratitude* of Your Ladiships Fortune. 'Tis known that You are descended from the most Noble House of the NOELS, and joyn'd to that *Incomparable*, and *Princely* Family of the MANNORS; but let me say, by such a Miracle, that never Day appear'd more beneficial to the benighted Travellour, then you o're its clouded Mansion, nor did the Rain-Bow (the Token of the Almighty in the Heavens, after the general Deluge by the Flood) to Noah's poor remaining Progeny shew it self more welcome, and propitious, than Your Ladiship to the despairing and almost distracted Family of the RUTLANDS, which after an unfortunate Marriage, when it had long wander'd upon the Face of barren Waters, You were at last discover'd as a blest, and fruitful Land to rest its weary Ark upon, and it may for ever hereafter call You its Good Angel that in its Flight from Heav'n first pitch'd upon the lofty, and most graceful Seat of Belvoire; whose Antiquity (which I hope may ever last) will pay you more Respect, and Adoration as to its Preserver, than it has done to its Founder: For by Your means, and your Illustrious Offspring, England shall never want a Branch that shall spread it self from so Noble an Original as Your kind LORD, nor be the least of its Glories that it can boast thereof. How much is to be admir'd the Wisdom of the Divine Power which made so Excellent a Choice as Your Ladiship, of whom it shall be said, that Atlas has not supported the Heav'ns with more Fame then Your Ladiship the tottering Greatness of Belvoire: And the History of Heroick Women shall hence-  
forth



## *The Dedication.*

Forth own you to be the *Greatest*, and *Noblest* Pattern of  
'em all — Pardon me, *Madam*, I begin to fall into a  
*Rélaps*. I wou'd not give the *V*World an Occasion to  
suspect that what I have said is but the *Prelude* of a  
*Request* I intend to beg of your *Ladiship*, which is, that  
you wou'd vouchsafe to accept of this poor *Poem*, and  
be pleas'd to let me set your *Name* in the *Front* of it, as  
Princes put their Arms over the *Dores* of *Places* they  
wou'd have *Reverenc'd*, and *Esteem'd*. I will not then  
fear the *Wise* Criticks, nor the *conceited* Fops that are  
as curious in passing their *Censures* on a young Poet, as  
your stanch'd Beauties are to one that is newly cry'd up  
in the *Town*; yet I doubt not but what You please to  
condescend to own, they will allow of. I am the ra-  
ther embolden'd to petition this of Your *Ladiship*, be-  
cause You are an Incourager of *P O E T R Y*, and I have  
been inform'd that not long since in the Person of the  
famous *Earl of Rutland* it has met with the most *conside-  
rable* Patron that ever was; and all know that your gal-  
lant Father, the present *Vicount Cambrden*, is the best, and  
greatest *Protector* of *V*Vit, and Learning in this Age.  
How can I fail then, in my Address to Your *Ladiship*,  
of either an *Acknowledgment* beyond my Desert, or at  
least a *Pardon* for my Faults, which I humbly implore  
you wou'd not deny, and is the greatest *Favour* that can  
be hop'd by, M A D A M,

*Your Ladiships* most Humble,

Faithful, and Devoted Servant

*JOHN BANKES.*

# PROLOGUE.

*Since the Sun's kindly Beams have left us now,  
 And in the other World make all things grow;  
 Like Swallows to warm Seasons, we draw near,  
 And hope to find a fruitful Summer here —  
 May still our Orb so bright, and gay appear,  
 And ev'ry Day adorn our Theatre —  
 We've nothing more to welcome you to Night,  
 Than a plain, undrest Play, a homely Sight,  
 No Shew to take your Eyes, that are more kind,  
 And easier pleas'd than is the dainty mind.  
 Language with you's esteem'd upon the Stage,  
 Like some affected Gallants of this Age;  
 Not for their Sence, but for their Equipage. — }  
 No, the rich Banquet is to come, a Treat  
 Cook'd by your Chat'lin and La' Froon of wit.  
 This is a Christmas Tale has oft been told  
 Over a Fire by Nurse, and Grandam old,  
 Where they wou'd Paris the wild Youngster blame,  
 For stealing Helen, that inconstant Dame.  
 Yet we're in hopes you will be kind to hear  
 The Lives of those whose Successors you are:  
 For when Troy fell, its Remnant here did plant,  
 And built this Place, and call'd it Troy-novant:  
 But as those Venturers were forc'd to slay  
 An Host of barb'rous Picts that stop'd their way,  
 First we're to withstand you Natives of the Bays,  
 Who hate all new Invaders with new Plays, }  
 And therefore right, or wrong, damn whom you please.  
 Then, that we may be stronger, we submit  
 To all you London Trojans of the Pit,  
 And all the merrry Greeks, that seldom think,  
 But only dive into good Wine, and Drink;  
 Such may we often see, we'l soon defeat  
 These Race of Picts that plague the Land of Wit.*

# Persons Represented. By

Priamus, King of Troy.	Mr. Sandford.
Hector,	Mr. Harris.
Paris,	Mr. Crosby.
Troilus,	Mr. J. Williams.

Agamemnon, General of the Grecians.	Mr. Medbourn.
Achilles, a great Champion of Greece.	Mr. Betterton.
Ulysses, a wise Councillor, and Captain.	Mr. Smith.
Diomedes, a Valiant Confederate.	Mr. Gillow.
Patroclus, the belov'd Friend of Achilles.	Mr. Bowman.
Menelaus, Husband to Helena.	Mr. Norris.
Ajax, a Stout Champion.	Mr. Underhill.

Helena.	Mrs. Price.
Andromache, the faithful Wife of Hector.	Mrs. Betterton.
Polixena, Priam's Daughter } belov'd by Achilles,	Mrs. Barry.
Cassandra, her Sister that prophesid } the Destruction of Troy.	Mrs. Lee.

Captains, Soldiers, Trojans, Priests, Guards.

## Scene Troy,

And before the Walls.



THE  
DESTRUCTION  
OF  
TROY.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*The Curtain being drawn up, discovers Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, Ulysses, Patroclus, Diomedes, and Ajax, in Council.*

*Aga.* **W**ise, Noble, Valiant *Gracian* Princes, all  
Deriv'd from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Hercules*, *Apollo*,  
The first of *Hero's*, second Race of Gods,  
That during all this famous Ten Years Siege  
Have Thousands of your Mortal Slaves out-liv'd,  
And like your Fathers, as Immortal stood.  
Death in the Fight still cuts the Vulgar off,  
Who fall like Grass before the sharpest Scyth,  
Whilst, you like Rocks, have felt, and turn'd its Edge;  
That we may plainly see, all are not born  
Mark'd out by Heav'n, as are your Mighty Selves;  
All are not blest to be the brave *Achilles*,  
Nor wise *Ulysses*, valiant *Diomed*;  
Nor are there any so inspir'd with Wrong  
As *Menelaus*: Therefore 'tis high time  
Some swift Decree should from your Judgments pass,  
To put a speedy End to this long War;  
Or else, contented with the Fame we've won,

## The Destruction

Let's all agree, straight to break up the Siege;  
 And once more visit our lov'd Wives and Countries.  
 We've done already all that Men could do;  
 If we stay longer, Fate will soon prevent us,  
 And sink our *Hero's* with the Weight of Years:  
 Old Time will laugh to see us like himself;  
 Age will perform what War cou'd not have done —  
 What says the Heav'n-born *Thetis* mighty Son?

[*Achilles rises up and speaks.*]

*Ach.* Well spoken has the Royal *Agamemnon*!  
 This Breast of mine, that was not made for words,  
 Shall utter too its plain and honest meaning —  
 How long shall we in vain attempt this City?  
 A Town, for ought we know, built by the Gods,  
 And by the Gods Immortal Aid defended;  
 Begirt with many huge and massy Walls,  
 Stronger than Stone hew'd from their growing Caverns,  
 More hard and beautiful than Marble fetch'd  
 From the deep Bosom of the shining Quarry.  
 Still as we follow'd any fierce Assault,  
 Still we were more and more repuls'd, and often  
 Slid from the tops of her bright Magick Tow'rs,  
 Leaving no more Impression with our Blood,  
 Than restless Waves that dash against the Rocks,  
 And pitiless drop into the Sea again:  
 Or, if by any chance, a Breach we made,  
 That Blood hath only serv'd our Enemies,  
 To heal, and to cement their Walls again. —  
 Of all that know *Achilles*, none can say,  
 That thought of danger makes him speak these words.  
 By Divine *Thetis*, sitting next to *Jove*,  
 Who, when I was an Infant, held me by the heel,  
 Bath'd my young soft and tender Limbs all o're,  
 And plung'd me in the Lake of *Acheron*,  
 And me Immortal made, — By her I swear,  
 There's none amongst you all dares think I fear —  
 Did not the Gods, at her Request, command  
 Old skilful *Vulcan* to beat out this Armour,

By *Cyclops* forg'd upon the Gods own Anvil,  
 And fram'd o'th' same impenetrable stuff,  
 That the bright Chariot of the Sun is made of,  
 And *Jupiter's* almighty Thunderbolts?  
 Thus guarded, I'm above the reach of Fate,  
 And were I sure this War wou'd last yet Ten  
 Years longer, I wou'd formost lead you on,  
 Secure, and free from the pale hand of Death:  
 Nay, wou'd my self depopulate this Town;  
 Were I but sure only to fight with Men,  
 But to encounter Mountains made of Stone,  
 That like a Guard defend the mighty City,  
 As if it were immur'd and fortifi'd  
 Against the Gods themselves. Such Walls by *Mercury* fram'd,  
 With subtil folding Arms, its Wasse embracing  
 Sev'n times, each one defended by the other,  
 And of so intricate an Art, that none,  
 But he that has the Skill of *Dedalus*,  
 With his Infernal Clew of Thread, can enter. —

[*Patroclus rises and speaks.*]

*Patr.* And what have we done all this for? Wherefore?  
 Only to vindicate a private Quarrel?  
 For one Man's Interest to sacrifice  
 The best and sweetest Strength of all our Days.  
 And what is *Menelaus* Wrong, though much,  
 To countervail so many thousand Lives  
 That it has cost? And in its fatal Cause  
 Invellop'd *Asia* in eternal Ruin:  
 Nay, made the World distracted with it self,  
 Made you, that were like Gods before, less happy  
 Than your base Slaves at home, who now enjoy  
 Their Masters Vineyards, press the wanton Grapes,  
 And drink the Fruits of what you toil'd for long,  
 Smile on your Wives, and tempt your Daughters Loves,  
 In private act those Wrongs you wou'd revenge  
 On *Troy* for the long ravish'd *Helena*.  
 Whilst you, ingrateful for the Gifts of Heav'n,



## The Destruction

Like Exiles live, with Beards and Hair o' regrown,  
 That to stay longer for your great Success,  
 And wait Troy's mighty and uncertain Ruin,  
 You wou'd bring pale and Ghost-like Bodies home,  
 (At your return, in stead of heav'nly Forms)  
 To fright your Children, and dismay your Wives. —  
 Think then of this, wise Princes, and think also,  
 Troy has a Prophecy secures its Fate,  
 That whilst the great *Palladium* she keeps safe,  
 The Gods will all defend it; and wise *Pallas*,  
 The Owner of that strange and awful Image,  
 Has, by her sacred Proxy dropt from Heav'n,  
 Espous'd her dear beloved *Troy* to her.

*Agam.* Now, Brother *Menelaus*, speak your Censure.

*Men.* 'Tis not for me, wise Princes, to be seen  
 To contradict what y've been pleas'd to say:  
 To plead my own Cause were an arrogance,  
 And a presumption high in *Menelaus*;  
 I who have been the sad Implorer of this War;  
 How bad, how unsuccessful it has prov'd,  
 Ye all have known, yet all are satisfi'd  
 Heav'n found out no Injustice in the Cause.  
 At the first Motion of my Wrongs, ye all were pleas'd  
 Friendly to espouse my Quarrel as your own,  
 And took the Rape of *Helena* so near you,  
 As if you all had suffer'd, all had shar'd  
 In my unhappy Fate, and all had Wives,  
 And chaste young Daughters torn from your Thresholds,  
 And by their lustful Victors dragg'd to *Troy*.  
 If you repent it now, I wish the Gods,  
 To expiate the Shame of ravish'd *Greece*,  
 And wash the Stain away, had done it only  
 With *Menelaus* Blood. — I'll say no more  
 But will submit in all things to the Votes  
 Of this Great Council.

[*Ulysses rises, and speaks.*]

*Ulyss.* With low submission, great and valiant *Hero's*,  
 Let me presume to shew my weak Defence.

Against

Against the wise, inestimable Voice  
 Of this most noble, and illustrious Council,  
 With all respect to *Agamemnon's* place,  
 And due regard to the most brave *Achilles*,  
 Whom we must justly own, always to be  
 The great and mighty Genius of the War. —  
 Let's search the rise of this vain-glorious *Troy*;  
 We know from whence it came, from *Dardanus*,  
*Jove's* Son, and first it did receive it's Name  
 From him, and then it pleas'd the Gods she lost  
 That Title, and *Ilium* was from *Ilus* call'd,  
 Then *Troy* from *Troas*, *Ilus* Son, of no  
 Immortal Honour she can boast her self;  
 Twice has she lost her Name, and after this,  
 If you'll believe her cheating Prophecies,  
 It shall for ever bear the Name of *Troy*,  
 Which is, that it shall last to her Destruction,  
 Which the just Gods'till now have stay'd to do  
 By *Agamemnon*, and Divine *Achilles*. —  
 What though the Walls run sev'n times round the Town,  
 And with such awful strength, and beauty strike you,  
 Yet were they built by Men, and when at last  
 Their Men decay, and are too weak, or few  
 To hold, and to maintain'em, they'l soon prove  
 Your Steps to take the Town the nearest way. —  
 Yes Valiant *Hero's*, do, and have it said,  
 That such wise, noble Princes, as you are,  
 Did undertake a War, for Virtue, Property,  
 For Credit, Fame, and not to be  
 Accounted ridiculous, and patient Asses;  
 That you, I say, shou'd after ten years fighting  
 Like valiant Men, disheartned now at last,  
 Talk of retreating home (just Gods forbid!)  
 And forfeit your renown with all the World.  
 Well might ye say your Wives, and Children will  
 Not know you; if they did, I'm sure they wou'd not  
 But hate you, hate you for the worst of Cowards,  
 And rather wou'd embrace your Slaves than you. —  
 I dare be plain, when all of you have prov'd  
 The things that I have done with a consult applause.

Who

Who brought *Achilles* to your Aid? Was it  
 Not I? I who reclaim'd him from the Distaff,  
 When *Thetis* by fond superstition was  
 Forewarn'd, that if her Son went forth to *Troy*;  
 He should be kill'd, him therefore she did cloath  
 In soft array, and his young Warlike Body  
 Bedeck'd with Womens Peticots, and Bracelets,  
 Sending him so attir'd to *Lycomedes* Daughters,  
 Which I found out by my successful pains,  
 And hither, hither, to the joy of all  
 Brought this fam'd *Hero* to obey the Oracle,  
 That said, We ne're shou'd conquer *Troy* without him;  
 And who discover'd *Palamedes* Treason,  
 But my self only? Which I'll urge no more,  
 And hope you need not many words t'inspire you  
 With the bold sence of your delighted honours. —  
*Ajax* and *Diomedes* are to speak.

*Ajax*. By the Divinity that guards this mighty presence,  
 I swear *Ulysses* has said well, so well,  
 That I who'd rather do than speak my mind,  
 Am proud to be the first of his opinion.

*Ajax* has vow'd ne're to return to *Greece*,  
 Till *Troy*, and her great Champion *Hector* are  
 No more, or else with Age, or mortal Wounds  
 Lie Bury'd by the Walls — With such a zeal,  
 I did promote our quarrel at the first.

Had I been less than *Ajax*, I had gone  
 Proud of the meanest Service of the War,  
 Under the standard of so just a cause,  
 Where the immortal credit of all *Greece*  
 Is so concern'd — Now talk you of retreating!  
 When y'ave few Enemies, or none to fear,  
 And all their great Confed'rates are cut off?  
 Have they not long since given over rallying,  
 And fighting in pitch'd Battels? very rarely  
 Issue beyond their Gates to make a Skirmish,  
 And when they do, are we not still the stronger?  
 Have we not Famin fights for us within,  
 And all the World to range, and at command  
 Without? and they at best but their own Pris'ners?

Have



Have we not hunted with success, and drove  
The tir'd Beasts for refuge to their Dens?  
Where let 'em roar, and lash themselves, till they are weary:  
For all the damage they can do us now,  
Is to despair, and with their last revenge,  
Reward us with their sudden ruine. —

Is not their dear *Palladium* now, and *Hector*  
All their poor hopes defence? — *Palladium*,  
Whose Priests are all grown hoarse, and weary,  
With utt'ring vain, and fruitless Prophecies;  
And *Hector* once the Man cry'd up of all  
The World, What Captain is there here among you,  
That wou'd refuse to fight him after *Ajax*?  
I grappled with this Monster, found him to his shame  
A meer weak Man, and boldly in the fight  
Of both the Armies, gave him such a blow,  
As made him stagger, and forsake the Field.

*Dio.* The Gods inspire us, most Heroick Princes,  
With better hopes of all our aged pains,  
Then to desert the War, and think that Heav'n  
Has e're design'd us less than our revenge,  
For all our wrongs, and *Iphigenia's* Blood,  
When in a Storm to save our beaten Vessels  
From Shipwrack, nothing wou'd appease their wrath,  
No Sacrifice less costly wou'd be admitted,  
That we shou'd offer for the safety of the Fleet,  
And be the Victim for the Ghost of *Troy*,  
Than *Agamemnon's* dear, and only Daughter. —  
What though the time be long that we have stay'd?  
Yet know, the Gods, when they wou'd make Examples  
O' th' worst of Crimes, they punish by degrees.  
What had it been for *Troy* to have at first  
Been taken or destroy'd, a punishment  
For vulgar Crimes? when now to be o'recome  
Is just, and like the Gods our great Protectors,  
Who made our Enemies to linger long,  
And in suspense, and Tortures to endure  
The Ten Years Miseries of War. — 'Tis not  
In *Menelaus* cause alone we fight,  
That once espous'd, 'tis ev'ry ones become:

They

They who intend to act a gallant thing,  
 When once begun, 'tis virtue to go through it.  
 Now to desist, were to record our Names  
 With Infamy to everlasting Ages;  
 But when we've triumph'd o're the Fate of *Troy*,  
 And punish'd this Deslow'rer of our Name,  
 Grateful Posterity will then adore us;  
 And when we are descended to our Graves,  
 We shall rest there both happy and admir'd,  
 And emulating us, succeeding times  
 Will strive to make our Urns immortal Fabricks,  
 And bravest Princes take their rules from us,  
 And by our actions; make illustrious Patterns  
 To guide the World with: but I'll make an end,  
 And must refer my self to your wise Censures.

*Aga.* It is enough — O spare the dear debate:  
 Who can withstand such Reasons so Divine?  
 We were all dull, all mortal 'till this time.  
 Thou art condemn'd ô *Troy*, —  
 And all thy Power, and Greatness is decreed  
 To Ruine, at the Bar of this great Council.  
 There only rests *Achilles*, your free Vote,  
 Then like a Prophet from the sacred Altar  
 Of this orac'lous Table, inspir'd by you,  
 I shall with joy pronounce in your behalfs  
 A War again, and to adorn your Heads,  
 Crowns, and immortal Wreaths of Victory.

*Ach.* Ye've all said well, I cannot contradict;  
 You know I hate to talk, but yet, however  
 Y've work'd upon the the freedom of my Nature —  
 Let it be then, as ye have all persuaded,  
 A War for ever, an Eternal War;  
*Achilles* and *Patroclus* ne're shall be  
 Upbraided singular — I am your Slave,  
 Your Messenger of Wings, or any thing  
 You'll put upon me — Since we are resolv'd,  
 Why talk we? why do we not straight go out,  
 Rushing on all together; cry Revenge  
 For ravish'd Chastity, and bear the Fate  
 Of *Greece* high o're the proudest Towers of *Troy*,

And

And trample down her steep elab'rate Walls  
To dust, and turn her gilded Spires to Atoms;  
Whose scatter'd multitudes shall choak the Sun —  
I'll lead you to the panting *Helena*,  
In *Paris* Arms hugg'd, as a Lion does his Prey;  
Where with this hand I'll strike the Villain Dead,  
And with the other give her back to *Menelaus* —  
Quick — Let us debate no longer. —  
*Omnes.* Divine *Achilles* lead us on.

[*They all rise from their Seats*]

*Aga.* Spoke like your selves, most high, inspir'd Confed'rates!  
Your voices are the Gods — Let me embrace  
You all, all in these proud, and happy Arms,  
The Great, the Wise, the Mighty, and the Valiant —  
Our Soules have room enough, let us live all  
In one, as all your Faiths, and Memories  
Shall to Eternity take up my Breast.

*Omnes.* We all are *Agamemnon*s.

*Aga.* I am the least, th' unworthy'st Man amongst you.  
You brave *Achilles*, are our *Hercules*,  
The Pillar and the Structure of our Fate;  
You wise *Ulysses*, are our great *Apollo*,  
*Patroclus* the brave inciting Musick,  
That calls us on to Fight, beyond the Sound  
Of Trumpets; *Menelaus*, is the Standard;  
And *Telamon*, and *Diomedes*, are  
The Light'ning, and the Thunder of the War.

*Ulyss.* Draw ev'ry Man his Sword, lest any more  
Such Scruples shou'd infect our Resolutions.

[*They all draw their Swords.*]

Let's take an Oath, by all the Gods, our Lives,  
Our Faith, Religion, and our Honours,  
Ne're to forsake these cursed Walls of *Troy*,  
'Till we have bury'd them deep in the Earth,  
As they are now above the Face of it.

*Ach.* And dragg'd the beaten Carkass of their *Hector*  
Through ev'ry street that late proclaim'd his praise,  
Whilst Matrons, and pale Virgins, howl from tops of houses,



# The Destruction

To see their Pride and Glory turn'd their Shame

*Omnes.* Resolv'd.

*Aga.* By all the Gods I swear.

*Ach.* By *Thetis* I.

*Ulyss.* By *Jupiter* I vow, and by my Honour.

*Patr.* I by *Achilles*.

*Men.* I vow by *Juno*, and by sweet Revenge.

*Ajax.* By all th' Immortal Souls of *Hero's* I.

*Dio.* By *Mars* I swear, or in the Act to die.

*Aga.* Let us prepare to morrow for th' Assault.

Steer all our Gallies to the Fort of *Jove*,

And bring our Armies to the *Dardan* Tow'r,

That is our Scamoni, from their Ships and Boats,

Attempt them there, for to divide their Power,

We'll storm like Gods their mighty Founders Glory.

Let's try our new invented warlike Engins,

That, like huge *Giams*, overlook the Town,

The Man that can from thence first set his Foot

Upon the Walls, to him shall be proclaim'd

The honour of the Day.

*Ach.* Give me the tallest of these moving Towers,

Planted so near, to grapple with the Side

Of this huge Monster — I will be the Man

Shall leap from thence upon her golden Terrace

And bring you to her Guardian *Patro* Temple,

Where her so famed, and dreadful Image stands.

I'll pull the Warlike Spear from out her Hand,

And hurl the Grecian Terror to the Ground,

That, at the dreadful noise, th' affrighted Hearts

Of all her Citizens shall sink for ever

And the stun'd Fate of her in wild *Troy*

Shall stagger with the mighty Load, and be

Too weak t' uphold her.

*Patr.* God-like *Achilles*, and our Honour

*Omnes.* We all will follow you.

Exeunt omnes, praeter *Ulyss.* & *Diom.*

*Ulyss.* Stay *Diomedes* —

King of *Aetolia*, Fortune smiles upon us,

To crown our wishes with a great Event,  
Now 'tis our Ingenuity, and Valour  
Shall make our Names, and Memories as great  
And Famous as *Achilles* in this War;  
*Greece* shall it's Credit, *Troy* it's Ruin owe,  
To this great Act that I have call'd you out  
To share the Glory of.

*Dio.* Bless me *Ulysses* with the News! my Soul  
Has Wing's and takes its eager flight at Honour,  
Let it be ne're so high, and ne're so steep,  
And dangerous.

*Ulyss.* You know, I told you last of my design  
To work into the Mind of greedy *Antenor*,  
The *Trojan* Gold that sho'ud have brib'd our Friendships;  
Iv'e promis'd him, and Honours from the *Greeks*,  
If he wou'd straight assist me with the means  
To get into my hands their fam'd *Palladium*.  
This day in private he has sent his Answer,  
A Cordial for the tir'd, and weary Spirits  
Of all our Captains; but our selves only  
Will pour it down into their thirsty Throats. —  
It is, that through a private Vault this Night,  
We may arrive to th' Temple where it stands,  
When he has promis'd to disperse the Guards,  
And leave none but her Priests for her Defence.

*Dio.* Y'ave fill'd my Soul with Joy, and Admiration.

*Ulyss.* Mark further what I've done, with speed I went,  
Taking some trusty Soldiers of my Legions,  
To dig to th' bottom of this rev'rent Mine.  
They had not pierc'd a Fathom in the Ground,  
E're they discover'd Stones of Antique Forms,  
Which did not seem to be of Nature's framing,  
But artificially were laid with hands.  
With joyful curiosity I saw  
Them dig to th' bottom of this ancient Structure;  
Which with some difficulty done, we found  
The place to be a long and slender Vault,  
Which near from thence had end, the other part  
Did run directly under the Town Walls.  
I have commanded

*The Destruction*

My Men to keep it secret from their Fellows ;  
And bid 'em further search the utmost progress  
Of this strange passage under ground.

*Enter to them Two Soldiers.*

1. *Sold.* We bring you, Sir, glad News of our discovery.

*Ulyss.* Declare't with speed in *Diomedes* hearing.

1. *Sold.* My fellow here, and I, enter'd the Vault  
With Lights, and for the space of three large Furlongs  
We found an easie passage, both might go a breast,  
'Till we arriv'd where we cou'd go no further,  
Which cannot be the end of this dark Cloyster:  
For that which parted us did seem to be  
A weak mud Wall, through which we plainly heard,  
Though not distinguish'd, Voices of Men,  
And trampling of their Feet,  
Jingling of Bells, and howling out of Pray'rs,  
And sometimes *Pallas*, *Pallas* did resound't our Ears.

*Dio.* Ye Gods ! This must miraculously be  
Beneath the Temple, and some private place  
To which the Priests retire to make Orazins.

*Ulyss.* Blest News !

The Oracle of *Greece* hangs on those Lips. —  
Hast, and prepare such Engines, and Materials,  
That can break through the Wall, and many Lights,  
To make the Dungeon brighter, than the day.

*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Brave *Diomedes* come along with me ; —  
This Night we'l sup together, and be merry,  
Er'e we approach the Region of the Dead ;  
*Palladium* shall be ours before to morrow ;  
If we both fail, or in the Danger die,  
The vast Design shall crown our Memory ;  
If we prevail, as great will be the Joy  
To win the fam'd *Palladium*, as to conquer *Troy*.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTUS



ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Hector, Andromache, *A Table with Lights, Books, Sword, and Armour upon it.*

Hec. **G**O to thy rest, my Dear, thy Eyes are heavy,  
Like Tapers, that in Urns, do burn neglected,  
And give a Melancholy light.  
Repose thy self a little;

'Tis almost day, and thou hast had no sleep.

And. Why is my *Hector* grown so weary of me?  
If I look heavy, 'tis because you are unkind;  
I have no rest, no Joy, but in your Company;  
To go to bed, is but to think of thee,  
And then, how can I sleep, or wish to do so?  
Let me lie down upon this Couch,  
And there I'll try if I can sleep by you;  
But then I'll promise, when I've shut my Eyes,  
My Fancy shall pursue you, as I lie,  
And I will dream of nothing else but you.

Hec. My Life, my Love, my best *Andromache*,  
If thou say'st more, thou'lt mollifie me quite,  
And turn thy *Hector* to a wanton Fool.  
What God cou'd see thee, or but hear thee speak,  
And not forsake the Joys of Heav'n for thee,  
Thou best of Women, and the chafteft Wife —  
Go to thy Women, Dear — It is for thee  
I watch, and toyl, and spend my weary Nights,  
To save the greatest blessing of thy life,  
That I may love thee long, and hold thee thus for ever.

And. Ah! why then wou'd you part with me so soon?  
How most severely has my Love been dealt with!  
The God of Battails uses you all day,  
And to his Councils calls you every Night —  
It is so long since I have held you in  
These Arms, that I forget I ever did —

Farewel

Farewel — The God of War whom you adore,  
 And Thousands, Thousands of choice Blessings keep you,  
 Keep you more happy, then you think you are  
 In my Embraces — Good Night.

*Hec.* Good Night, my Dear, my everlasting Love —  
 Who waits there? — Sweet slumber dwell about thy Eyes,  
 And joys immortal recreate thy Fancy.

*Exit Andromache attended.*

Lift up thy drooping head old sinking *Ilium*,  
 Behold the poor defence th'ast plac'd in me;  
 Look up, thou hadst more need of all the Gods  
 For thy assistance, or that all thy Sons  
 Were fram'd with minds invincible as *Hector* —  
 O that thou wert as equal to the rest  
 Of thy bold *Grecian* Adversaries,  
 As I am to *Achilles*!

Then fir'd with pleasure, and ambitious Glory,  
 We two might fight, and set our Lives at stake  
 For the decision of this tedious War:  
 The Gods with leisure then might look from Heav'n,  
 To see their two great Champions of the World  
 Dispute with terror this their mighty Cause,  
 That took up all their care. — Ha! —

[A great noise within of Arm,  
 Arm, Treason Treason.]

*Pallas*, thou great Defendress of our City!

What sudden noise is this!

The *Grecians* may, (more early than their custom)  
 March out by stealth, and storm the Walls by Night —  
 To horse — Go fetch me *Galatea* straight —  
 Send quickly to my Brother *Troilus*

At *Pallas* Gate, and bid him come to me with speed  
 For Orders — Drowzy slave begun — *Paris*,

*Exit Sold. Enter Paris.*

What means these many loud, and hideous voices?  
 .. *Paris*. They are the Signs of some approaching danger —  
 Our Enemies have enter'd by surprise,  
 Or else the Citizens in Troops rebel.

They

They run like Madmen, howling through the streets;  
Some call to Arms, and others cry out, Treason,  
And none can tell for what — strange dreadful noises  
Reach ev'ry Ear; the Womens louder Cries  
Drown the shrill sound of Warlike Instruments,  
Running like Furies, in their Torments Roaring.  
Their dull infatuated Spirits haunt  
The Court, as if some sudden Conflagration  
Had driv'n their Souls, as well as Bodies,  
Out of their dwellings.

*Hec.* Our presence shall disperse, and chide their Fears.  
Ple put my Life before 'em as a Guard.

*Paris.* Their sufferings have made them insolent;  
On me, and *Helen*, now they vent their malice.  
I heard 'em cry with tears, and anger loud,  
The Gods have justly punish'd us for Rape,  
Give back the ravish'd *Helena* again!  
We'll fight no more, till *Helen* be restor'd.

*Hec.* Let's hast to know the Cause — If it be Treason,  
This moment then shall make the Fruit abortive;  
We'll crush the Egg that holds this Cockatrice —  
Bring forth the Guards — We'll fright 'em worse then Death.  
Traitors are valiant but behind our backs,  
And never durst look Majesty i'th' Face.

*Enter Troilus and meets them going off.*

*Troi.* Stay Sons of *Priam*, whether would you run?  
The Gods have left us, and we're all undone;  
The'rs nought abroad, but horror, and despair,  
A City all distract, without a head,  
Her ravish'd Temples, naked Altars, left  
Without a God.

*Hec.* What greater Losses are there to be fear'd  
Than *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris*?  
And we are all in safety.

*Troi.* *Pallas* is gone, your Walls, and Towers are stripp'd  
Her great *Palladium's* fled, that held the mighty Spear,  
That guarded all our Lives — The Fate of *Ilium*,  
The Shield of *Troy*, and all the *Grecians* fear'd,



Is sunk, and gone, and draws our Ruin after.

*Hec.* Speak *Troilus* again, if this be true,  
The wonder is too great to be believ'd  
O'th' suddain.

*Enter to them Priamus and Guards.*

*Pri.* I came to find you out, my valiant Sons,  
Are we all hated by the Gods at last?  
Is my *Cassandra's* Prophecie come true already?  
Tell me the news, my aged head can bear it —  
Is *Pallas* fled to heav'n from whence she fell?

*Troi.* No, but she's gon the nearer way, through Hell,  
Quite to th' Antipodes before this time.  
With dreadful signs she did foretel the World  
Her angry Journey; fierce Lightning light her way;  
The Temple shook, and Thunder cleft the Ground  
Through which she went. From *Pallas* Gate  
I heard the dismal noise, and saw the light  
She carri'd with her, leaving in its stead  
*Cimmerian* darkness wrapp'd in Clouds of smoak.  
The Priests came forth with their white holy Linnen  
All stain'd with ruful spots of deepest red,  
As if 't had rain'd a mighty shower of Blood.  
In vain it had been to demand the Cause:  
For fear, and horreur made them speechless.  
The rest that were, lay dead upon the floor,  
With Arms cut off, for their profane presumption,  
In offering with their mortal hands to stay her.  
First in a rage she smote her lofty Spear  
Deep in the ground, and left it sticking there,  
The shaft extended up to such an height,  
No *Titan's* Arm, that with the Gods did fight,  
And scal'd the high, and vaulted Arch of Heav'n,  
Can reach it.

*Pri.* And left it as an angry testimony,  
Our Enemies shall dig into the Bowells,  
And pierce the Intrail of unhappy *Troy*,  
As that has don the Earth.

*Hec.* You suffer your selves still to be deceiv'd,

And

And draw a Consternation from the Cause.  
For all the Tale that *Troilus* ha's told,  
The Goddesse was beholden to mortal aid —  
This must be Treason of our own, a Plot  
Amongst our Enemies — Goe secretly with speed,  
Seize on false *Antenor* : for to his guard  
Was *Pallas* Image left ; the high Preist too ;  
Take e'm and wrack e'm in the very moment,  
And place you fin'd e'm in — Quick, let e'm feel  
Worse torments than the Feinds of Hell endure,  
Till y've extorted from their painful Souls,  
Their true confession in their latest breaths,  
And bring us news with speed.

*Paris*. I'll be my self the Executioner.

*Exit Paris with some of the Guard.*

*Pri.* O wretched *Troy* ! but cruel *Pallas* more !  
Unhappy was thy kindness at the first,  
When building of a Temple to thy Name,  
Before 'twas cover'd, and the sacred roof  
Lay open, to our wonder thou wert found,  
Standing one morning in an awful manner,  
And Warlike posture fall'n from Heav'n to us,  
And walk'd, and fix'd thy self a Statue there,  
Which fill'd our breasts with fatal Superstition,  
To think that we no longer could resist  
Our Enemies, than thou sho'udst dwell amongst us.

*Troi.* So great a Confidence was plac'd in it,  
That Women, and young Children, all were Valiant ;  
But now the dreadful thoughts of this will make  
Mothers forbear incourageing their Sons,  
And Sons, with Superstitious fainting hearts,  
Let fall their Weapons.

*Hect.* Curs'd Authors of their own ill Fate are they,  
Whose weak, dull Souls depend on prophesy.  
Is not the mighty *Jove*, and all the Powers  
Above, and *Hector* here below your Guard ?  
Though this Immortal Statue you deplore,  
Yet *Pallas* sees from Heav'n, and whilst you all

Are valiant, and forsake not your own selves,  
 She still will be your wife and great Preserver;  
 Pouring such Plagues upon the *Grecians* heads,  
 'Twill make e'm wish, when they shall feel her Vengeance,  
 That rather they had tasted *Lethe's* waters;  
 Or drank quick Poyson from th' *Avernian* Lake.

*Pri.* But to prevent this growing Mutiny,  
 And cheat the Peoples dear lov'd Superstition;  
 Let Death be straight proclaim'd to any person,  
 That dares report the loss of the *Palladium*;  
 And have a new one fram'd, so like the former,  
 That where it stands, all may adore it for the same.

*Hect.* 'Tis Heavenly Counsel, and it shall be follow'd.

*Reenter to them Paris, and Soldiers.*

*Par.* I bring you, *Sir*, yet more surprising News.  
 The Traytor *Anthenor* is fled the City,  
 And gone to th' *Grecian* Camp for his reward,  
 And with him too, I hope upon his head,  
 All the design'd, and evil Fate of *Troy*;  
 But the high Priest we happily surpris'd,  
 Just making ready for his flight to follow.  
 Guilt, and t'eschew the paines, his pamper'd Flesh  
 Cou'd not indure, made him confess to us  
 The dreadful'st Treason in the World, and none,  
 But such a damn'd, unholy Priest cou'd act.  
 Hir'd with the vast, and mighty Summe, that sho'ud  
 Have bought our peace with all the *Grecian* Princes,  
 This Dog, this *Archy Flamen* over Hell,  
 Did through a secret vault convey *Vlysses*,  
 And *Diomed* into the Town this Night,  
 Which led into the Cloyster of the Temple,  
 And undiscov'rd was to all the World  
 But him — I saw this wond'rous place, from whence  
 Those bold, and subtile Champions issu'd.

*Hect.* First let the place with secrecy be look'd into,  
 Then broken up, and fill'd with weighty stones,  
 And underneath bury the Slaves alive.  
 This was *Vlysses* trick, his quaint advice —



Oh! that I cou'd but meet this Councillor,  
This cunning *Mercury*; meet him, though where  
*Achilles*, and the *Furies* were his Guard,  
I'de rush upon him, tear his Foxes skin,  
More eager than a hungry Wolf his Prey,  
Dash the *Minerva* in his brain, and silence  
At once for ev' the Oracle of *Greece*.

*Pri.* To *Armes*, to *Armes*, we have a juster cause,  
Than *Greece*; for Heav'n now we fight, for *Pallas*;  
The Gods are rob'd, and *Troy* is ravish'd now. —  
Lest' sally forth this hour; a moment is delay.

*Par.* That they may see this Cowardly Act of theirs  
Has rais'd our Courage, not abated it,

*Hect.* No, I have thought —  
Of a more gallant way for our Revenge,  
And that it light upon *Vlysses* head —  
A Herald shall be sent to th' *Grecian* Camp  
With offers of a three days truce from *Armes*  
Between both sides to be intirely kept;  
Then to demand the Combat from us Brothers  
With any three among their greatest Champions,  
And we'll to Morrow meet e'm in the Field  
Prepar'd between the City, and their Camp,  
In sight of both the Armies, Kings, and Princes,  
And all the Ladies, drest like Goddesses  
Sitting on rich adorn'd triumphant Scaffolds,  
To dart new heat, with ev'ry shining Glance,  
Into the hearts of each brave Combatant,  
And charm the Gods with Prayers for their deliv'rance.

*Par.* Go on, go on — Had we no other Guard,  
We have the Gods, and *Hector* on our side.

*Troi.* I'm ravish'd with the Glorious thoughts of it, —  
The brightest Day of Honour I cou'd wish for.

*Pri.* Ah *Hector* —  
Knew'st thou the bodeings of my heart, thou wou'dst  
Not make thy self so Cruel, and me wretched,  
To put my only strength, your dearest persons,  
In danger, leaving me, like a rash Merchant,  
That ventures all his Stock, and Life at once  
To th' hazard of uncertain Waves.

## The Destruction

*Hect.* Divert us not dear *Sir*, we cannot be  
In greater danger, than in multitudes  
Of Enemies, where many hideous deaths are arm'd:  
Here but with one shall each of us ingage;  
Lest is the hazard then, and more the honour.

*Pri.* Let me embrace my Guard, my Life, my *Hector*,  
The bravest, best Example of a Son. —  
Let then the Herald instantly be sent,  
And go, your Father's Champions all make ready.

*Troy.* That Herald I will be.

*Hect.* Now proud *Achilles*, thou that boasts thou wert  
Twice made immortal, first about thy heart,  
And then again with *Lemnos* harden'd Steel,  
Through both thou didst this mortal Weapon feel,  
Which darted Lightning from thy famous sheild,  
That *Vulcan*, and his *Cyclops* hammers forg'd.  
So *Jove* with fire, on bolts of Thunder road  
To punish some usurping petty God. —  
We to all Eyes, like threatening Comets are;  
All gaze on us, as Prodigies of War,  
That Fate, with trembling does it self divide,  
And whilst we live, dares turn to neither side;  
But equal holds the Scale, 'twixt *Troy*, and *Greece*;  
Thy death, or mine, brings Victory and Peace.

*Exeunt, manet Paris Solus.*

*Par.* No Victory can e're adorn my head,  
Till I have bended to thy shrine, O Love,  
And arm'd my body o're with Beauties Charmes. —  
I will surprize my *Helen* with the News,  
Tell her the Joy I have to be her Soldier,  
And catch the blushes, parting from her Cheeks,  
Just ready to adorn the rising Sun,  
Like Hand-maids ushering his Chariot o're  
The lofty Eastern-hills — But see already,

*Enter to him Helena attended.*

She comes, my Goddess drest, and deck'd like *Venus*

Descending

Descending, and perfum'd with sweets of Incense,  
To bless the early Pray'ers of her Adorers——  
Queen of sweet Beauty, on the wond'ring Earth,  
And her far brighter Substitute, thou art——  
Give me thy hand, whiter, than *Venus* Doves,  
And softer, than the down beneath their Wings;  
Sweeter then th' Air She breath's, when ev'ry Ev'ning  
She's driven in triumph or'e her Amber-Walk,  
And *Titan* Courts her on the Balmy shore:

*Hel. Paris*, my dear——

*Par.* What? all in teares, my Life, my Soul, my *Helen*?  
Make not a God of me before my time;  
This off'ring is the Gods, my fairest Queen;  
And *Jupiter*, when he caroules high,  
Calls for such precious Liquor in a full fill'd Bowl,  
The same that from th' immortal Cup is shed  
In the fair trembling hand of *Ganimes*,  
And drops in tears, that thus adorn thy Cheeks.

*Hel.* Ah *Paris*! are you weary of these Armes,  
And surfeited with these fond looks of mine,  
Which you so oft have prais'd, and said so, with  
The sweetest, kindest breath of yours——

*Par.* By Heav'n, thy Beauties are immortal food;  
Still I do wish, and still I wou'd obtain,  
And there's no end of my felicity;  
So vast a Continent there is in bliss,  
That when I think I've reach'd the massy Globe,  
Still more, and more I pry, and rush into  
Wider, and Richer new discover'd Worlds.

*Hel.* Ah *Paris*! none has a more cunning Tongue  
To charm a Woman's easy breast, than you.  
Leave off such Signs, and give me proofs more Real.——  
I hear you are design'd to Fight to Morrow,  
And hazard all that I esteem most dear  
To give me up to him I hate——Do not;  
By all the Charms, thy Charming Tongue calls sweeter;  
By my kind Life, my Honour, and my Love,  
Which I have heap'd upon you, as you say  
To make you happy——Now I lay 'em at your feet,  
To tell you they can no way be preserv'd.



By any danger of your own.

*Par.* It is decreed, and thou shalt see me go  
Thy Champion, and that Name's invincible.  
*Achilles* fights with *Hector*, and there's none  
Beside, (think not so meanly of thy *Paris*,)  
Dares stand in Competition with this Arm —  
The *Herauld's* gone; the Trumpets have already  
Sounded the Challenge, and my chearful blood,  
Which thou inspire'st swells proudly in my veins  
With joy, that I must win a double Prize,  
Be crown'd with Bays, applauded in thy Eyes.

*Hel.* Must I behold thee then? — I'll go, but thou  
Shalt see what great effects thy love can do;  
That when the *Grecian* Banners proudly fly,  
And my own Countrie's shouts shall fill the Sky,  
I'll stop my Ears, and Love shall blind my Eyes,  
Though the loud noise to listning Gods shou'd rise.  
No *Greeks* from *Trojans* shall of me be known,  
Nor *Menelaus* will I, but *Paris* own.

For ev'ry drop of blood thy Helmet weares,  
I'll weep, and wash it with a thousand tears;  
But ev'ry time thou foil'st thy Enemy,  
And the least blest advantage I can spy,  
Kisses Rewards, on wings of sighes I'll send to thee.

*Par.* I wish to Morrow then were come  
Swift as the 'eager blowes I mean to make  
When I shall surely conquer for thy sake;  
I'll stand the *Grecian* Army in thy fight,  
And with the World dispute for thee my right,  
That none er'e lov'd like me, nor none like me dares fight. }

*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes into the *Grecians* CAMP.

*Enter* Agamemnon, and Guards as from his Tent,  
at one Door, and Ajax, and Menelaus at ano-  
ther Door.

*Aga.* Good Morrow to my Brother *Menelaus*. —

A Joyful day to the renowned *Ajax*. —

'Tis early, but so fair a Morn'g I never saw.

*Men.* Happy may be the issue of this day.  
The Priests of *Mars* in offering found last Night,  
The wish'd for tokens, and propitious signes  
Of an acceptable, and pleasing Sacrifice.

*Ajax.* It thunderd on a sudden, and before the Priest  
Had light the Sacred fuel on the Altar,  
Lightning descending, and to all our wonders,  
It broak into a flame, kindling it self  
With holy Fire from Heav'n.

*Men.* An *Eagle* then was seen to roost hard by,  
And at the Light, flew round about the Camp,  
Over our heads, and to our wonder pitch'd  
Upon *Ulysses* Tent, but after it was seen no more.

*Aga.* Blest News! These are all fair and happy Omens.

*Ajax.* What sayes our Royal Gen'rall *Agamemnon*?  
Do you yet hold your Resolution  
To storm the Walls this Morning?

*Aga.* What els — Where is *Ulysses*? Summon all  
The *Grecian* Princes early to my Tent,  
Intreat *Achilles* Company this Morning.  
We were ingrateful to the Gods; shou'd we  
Let go this happy day, without the doing  
Of some admir'd, and memorable Act —  
What shouts are these?

*Enter to them a Captain.*

*Cap.* A happy hour to Greece — *Ulysses*, Sir,  
And *Diomedes* — (Joy has seiz'd my breath!)  
Have Conquer'd *Troy*, have ended the long War,  
Have won the Statue of the fam'd *Palladium*,  
The Goddess that ha's been so long our Enemy.

*Aga.* Ha! If thou mock'st us; Villain thou shalt die.

*Cap.* O, Sir, 'tis true — Do you not hear the Joy?  
No sooner this was nois'd, but the whole Army  
Proclaim'd their shouts of gratitude to Heav'n,  
Flocking about *Ulysses*, kneeling to him,  
Call him their Guardian, Patron, and *Apollo*,

There

*The Destruction*

Then falling into Extasies, lie prostrate,  
Kissing the Ground whereon he treads, and bath  
His feet with tears of Joy.

*Aga.* Let's all go forth and meet 'em.

*Enter to them Ulysses, and Diomedes  
follow'd with many Soldiers shouting.*

*Cap.* See where they come, the men of all the World,  
Most worthy to be prais'd.

*Aga.* Welcome *Ulysses*; welcome *Diomedes*,  
Near as the Joy that flows about my heart. —  
What have ye done, that with this mighty deed,  
You have anticipated Valour's self,  
Out fled the swiftest, and most daring wishes  
Of all that valour, or Ambition fir'd.  
How shall Posterity reward this Act,  
But much less, how shall *Agamemnon* do it?

*Ulyss.* No more, it is already done —  
We've tam'd this wond'rous, awful Deity,  
That fell with such a dread from Heav'n to Tray.

*Dio.* Straight let's pursue our Fortune; run and strike 'em,  
Whilst the cold damp's upon 'em, whilst their Souls  
Are giddy, and their Senses gone astray  
After their Goddesses that we took away.

*Enter to them Achilles, and Patroclus.*

*Ach.* What means this early, and unusual Concourse  
Of mad men, and the Rabble in the Army?  
Is it for Joy that you assault to day?  
Or is it done to magnifie the deed  
That wise *Ulysses* has perform'd this Night  
In stealing the *Palladium*?

*Aga.* What deed can more deserve so just a Joy?  
Rather admire the Gods at so great News  
Meet not our Shouts in consort from the Skies,  
And strive with Thunder to excell our Voices.

*Ach.* By Heav'n, they're Cowards voices all;  
That only have the Faces but of men,



Carry their Hearts in their wide gaping Mouths,  
And ne're durst fight, but when they first ask Counsel  
Of Augurs, and have div'd into the intralls  
Of Beasts; uncertain Instruments of War,  
Never in tune when they shou'd do some Service;  
So, till they're heightn'd, and seru'd up into  
A pitch of valour by some flattering Divination,  
They are worse than Women, and infect a Camp.

*Ulyss.* Yes, such is *Agamemnon* here, and all the rest,  
But lofty vain *Achilles*, whose great Valour  
Has been beholden to himself and us,  
Too lib'rall Benefactors in Applause,  
Increasing so the Torrent of his pride  
That wou'd o're-whelm us all — Who but this Man  
Amongst you, Princes can, without Injustice,  
Stain thus the greatest Action of our Lives? —  
Say *Diomedes*, have we thus deserv'd?  
Wou'dst thou embrace a deed dishonourable?

*Dio.* No — Nor wou'd *Achilles* out of passion say so;  
A deed, that had I not been sharer of  
The glory in't my self, I shou'd  
Have envi'd you *Ulysses*.

*Ach.* An Act of Glory! O deliver me ye Gods!  
By the high Throne of *Jupiter*, I swear,  
I wou'd not own it without a guilty Blush;  
A Thief, a Conjuror wou'd have done as much,  
To rise, as if from Hell, in Devils shapes,  
And scare a Crew of heartless, naked Priests,  
Then steal and drag a Property away,  
A deed too far beneath the Soul of *Diomed* —  
Come, separate thy self from his lew'd Tongue —  
I've seen thee in the face of open day,  
Rush fore most on against a wood of Pikes  
(Like a fierce Horse) arm'd with thy shining Cornet,  
And with thy breast, stemm'd the first furious Ranks,  
That held their steely points in vain against thee,  
Till thou hadst made their Shivers fly like Moats  
About the Sun.

*Ulyss.* Hark, Wife, and Valiant Princes —  
Behold the Spite, the Envy of this Man,

This Tyrant God above you all that wou'd be,  
 That's blind to all mens Honours, but his own;  
 Wou'd grasp the world of Action to himself —  
 Sink *Greece*, live *Troy*, and Countries turn to ruin —  
 It must be so, if he have not a hand in't;  
 All things depend upon his mighty Arm —  
 How long shall we be thus misled by him!  
 This railing Boaster, and blow up the bladders  
 Of so much vain, and empty Pride, through which  
 He swims and bears up so above us all.

*Ach.* Lift me ye Gods, upon the wings of Fury!  
 Ner'e let me lean my head on lazy *Patience* —

*Patroclus*, Can I indure all this?

Was I born *Thetis* mighty Son for this?

When all the Powers of heav'n concern'dly sat

In an illustrious *Senat* at my Birth,

To make my name Immortal, and decreed,

That the least Grain of me shou'd quite weigh down

This poor and petty Prince of *Ithaca* —

I boast, thou Talker! —

[*Comes up to him.*]

Hast thou so soon forgot the noted time,

When like a Dragon in thy Aid I fought,

And kept thee safe under my fiery wings,

When *Hector* (in the sight of all thy Friends,

To whom thou crid'st aloud in vain for help;)

*Hector* (whose name thy trembling Tongue so oft has prais'd)

Had struck thee down, and with another Blow,

Was meeting with thy frightened Soul, that hung

Upon thy Lips — I interpos'd, and cover'd

Thy trembling Carcass with my weighty Shield,

And on it bore the Shock of all his Thunder

That else had ramm'd thee fast into the Earth, —

And thou for this, with fawning, after gavest me

For my Reward; an eloquent Oration. —

I do this Tongue-Man here too great an Honour

Thus to dispute — But you that worship him;

I know ye all are envious that my Name's

Too great amongst you in the War; are glad

Ye've spoil'd the promis'd Flower had deck'd my Garland,

And robb'd me of the Glory of this Action. —

You knew that I wou'd do it, when I said it;  
And rather than it shou'd be done by me,  
Ye've done it basely, by the Gods you have!  
For which I swear for ever to forsake you. —  
May I be stripp'd of all my Immortality,  
And thrown with base *Promethens*, to have  
A *Vultur* ever tearing of my Liver,  
E're I unsheath my Sword in your Defence,  
Though I were sure 'twould save you all from Ruin;  
Though, like a Plague, I cou'd sweep *Troy* at once,  
And, at one stroak, compleat your dear Revenge.

*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*

*Ulyss.* There let him go — Prepare for the Assault —  
We've *Ajax* here, and *Diomedes* too;  
Either of them we hold as good as he.  
It will be worse than *Vulturs* to his Breast  
To see that we have conquer'd *Troy* without him.

*Aga.* A Trumpet sounds — Some news approaches.

*Enter Captain.*

*Cap.* A Herald Sir, with *Troilus* is come  
From *Troy*.

*Aga.* Admit him safe with all the Honours due  
To th' Person of King *Priam's* Son.

*Enter Troilus, and Herald.*

*Aga.* What wou'd our brave, and gen'rous Enemy?

*Troi.* Permit my Trumpet may be blown aloud,  
To reach the Ears of all your *Grecian* Captains.

*Aga.* Blow then, that the shrill sound may reach  
Both Poles, and tell the Gods your Message.

*Herald Sounds.*

What now? speak your intentions.

*Troi.* Then as a Herald from the King of *Troy*;



## The Destruction

First, I demand a truce, for three whole days,  
 Joyntly to be observ'd betwixt both Armies,  
 Then I'me commanded to declare that Prince,  
 Or Captain, whatsoe're he be, is both  
 A Villain, and a Coward, that hath stoln  
 The great *Palladium*, honour'd so by us;  
 And to let you see, our Hearts are not so sunk  
 With the disaster, but we dare revenge it,  
 I challenge any three of all your Princes,  
 Were they more great, and valiant than *Achilles*,  
 To fight with *Hector*, *Paris*, and my self,  
 To Morrow in the face of both the Armies —  
 What say you? Dare you answer us the Challenge?

*Aga.* We do, and never doubt, but that to Morrow,  
 Early as the Sun displays his beams about  
 The place, to find three Champions there, as well  
 Provided as your selves.

*Troi.* I have my wish.

*Aga.* Till then farewell — Let all the Guards conduct  
 The gallant Prince safe to the Gates of *Troy*.  
 We'll in, preparing all for an Election,  
 And with glad hopes expect to Morrow's light,  
 When we will sit like Gods, and judge the Fight.

*Troi.* At the same time  
 Our men shall let their winged voices fly,  
 And tell the Gods what we have done below,  
 And for each wound that on your Side is giv'n,  
 We'll shout aloud, and send the News to Heaven.

*Exeunt severally.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Cassandra SOLA.*

*Cass.* IT is decreed, thy dreadful Fate O *Troy*;  
The Gods own City now they will not spare;  
I see it plain in all the Signs of Heav'n;  
My Eyes peirce farther yet, above the Arch  
Where *Jove* himself does dwell, I see it written,  
The Legend of unhappy *Priam's* Issue  
The loss of thee, and all the fifty Sons.  
In deep and horrid awful Characters,  
Fate fetch'd from Hell did grave it, and the God  
With his own mighty voice did dictate,  
Thy proud, and lofty Walls must rumble down,  
And all thy golden Pinnacles must burn  
In Flames less bright, that now out-shine the Sun;  
Thy Swords, and Spears to harmless Plow-shares turn;  
Rich blood shall fat the Tillage of thy Land,  
And Corn shall grow where lofty *Ilium* stands. —  
Strike, strike, me dumbe O all ye Gods severe!  
Why do I speak your Words when none will hear?  
In vain I told that *Hecuba's* lov'd Boy  
Shou'd be the Fire, that wou'd consume thee, *Troy*.  
With wringing hands I stood upon the Shore,  
And curs'd the Fleet, that brought this Strumpet ore,  
And had they but believ'd this Tongue of mine,  
Or minded these prophetick Eyes that wept,  
They might have still their lost *Palladium* kept.  
How much more wretched are we born  
That know Events, than they that know 'em not,  
Look pale, and meager, like old Envy's Hag,  
At Mischeifs that we see presumptuous men  
Grow fat and wallow in —  
Fill'd with a Legion of prophetick Spirits,

Against:

## The Destruction

Against my will I'm driven to and fro,  
 To try if I can at the last resist,  
 And stem the Torrent of these head-long Brothers——  
 They come —— I'll go, and stop 'em at the brink  
 Of Ruin.

*Exit Cassandra at one door. As she is going off,  
 Enter Hector and Andromache, (Captains putting  
 on his Armour) at another door.*

*Hect.* Well, thou hast brought me to the place of Conquest——  
 Wilt thou now leave me dear *Andromache*?  
 Leave me to pull the Prize of Victory  
 From the proud head of *Thetis* Son, and then  
 I'll crown thee with my green triumphant Lawrels,  
 Restore the Palm to her by whom it grew.  
 The King, and all the *Trojans* wait for thee,  
 To make th' Assembly perfect with thy Presence.  
 Go my propitious Goddess, and behold me  
 From thy Imperial Scaffold like the Sun,  
 Till Death is charm'd with thy reflection——  
 Give me my Arms. ——

*[ Captain offers him  
 his Arms ]*

*And.* Hold off thy sacriligious hands——  
 Now, by my Hopes, I'll dress thee for my Soldier;  
 Then if thou meet'st with any Ill to day,  
*Andromache's* unfortunate to thee,  
 Who bids thee go, and fight this once for me. ——  
 These hands, whose soft Embraces thou did'st feel,  
 Shall clasp thy body round with hardn'd steel ——  
 First let me place this Croslet on thy Neck.

*Hect.* So *Venus* deck'd the am'rous God of War.

*And.* *Achilles* Arms, by *Cyclops* hammers beat,  
 Have not the Fire these kisses do create?  
 My lips shall forge, and make it more divine——  
 Receive this Scarf —— but from no hand but mine ——  
 Save thou my Lord's most dear, and precious Head,  
 Whose awful Front has struck the Coward dead,  
 And in its Beaver lock that Godlike Face,  
 Which *Venus* wou'd adore instead of *Mars* ——

Here;



Here, take thy Sword, whole Herds of *Grecians* fear,  
More fatal than the great *Palladium's* Spear;  
Fledg'd with a wrong'd invet'rate Woman's smart,  
Commend it from me, to *Achilles* Heart;  
From thy *Andromache* this token bear,  
Send it as quick, as I cou'd wish it there. —

Go Son of *Priam*, meet the Son of *Thetis*;  
My heart foretells thou shalt return my Victor.  
For now with greater Joy, I part with thee,  
Than, when at first I took thee in these Arms,  
The greatest Champion, and the best of Lovers.

*Hect.* Enough, thou beauteous Charmer of my Soul,  
*Achilles* now is less immortal, than  
My self— These Tears, the pretious signs of Joy,  
Which flow from the rich Fountains of thy Eyes,  
Have made me sacred, and impenetrable,  
And every kiss has kindled in my Veins  
Immortal Fire, and sent inliv'ning heat  
Through all my Sinews — I shall grow too big,  
And stretch my Body with a Fury so divine,  
Will burst this Iron mold — Let me go straight;  
I wou'd not choose to be *Achilles* now,  
That boasts how he was dipp'd in *Acheron*,  
That *Jove* cull'd from his precious Magazine,  
The choicest Arms, and gave it *Thetis* for her Son —  
Heark, heark, they call — Wilt thou let go thy Champion?

*And.* Go then, my Dear, and fly thou from my Arms,  
Like a fierce Lion that is loos'd, and seize  
Upon this *Grecian* Giant for thy Prey,  
Whom thou hast hunted for so long —  
Yet let me stay thee but a moment more,  
And then rush on —

*Hect.* Like thunder from the Heavens —

*whilst Hector and Andromache talk, Enter to  
them Paris, and Troilus ready for the Fight,  
with them Helena, and Polixena.*

*Troi.* *Priam's* dear Daughter, and my dearer Sister,  
Go and behold me, shame thy causeless Fears —

Thy erring Fondness I wou'd shun.

*Polyx.* I wish you had not been to fight to day ;

Something so fatal hangs about my Heart —

You are the only Brother that I fondly love ;

If you shou'd be unhappy , and miscarry ! —

Gods ! I can speak no more — Pardon, O pardon

These sad, abrupt ; I wish 'em not ill-boding Tears.

*Tr. i.* Dearest *Polyxena*, you are to blame.

*Par.* No more my *Helen* — Think'st thou that the Goddess

Who made thee mine, when on Mount *Ida's* Top,

I gave thee Prize of Beauty from all Heav'n

To her , and for thy sake refus'd the Crown

Of all the World, and Wisdom of *Apollo* ;

Think'st thou that she can be so much ingrateful

To part us, and our Loves so soon, when I

Refus'd so rich, and mighty Bribes for thee ?

*Hel.* Blame me not now the trembling hour's so nigh.

*Hect.* Again the Trumpet calls — Now they are come.

*And.* Then I will let thee go — Blow yet more loud,

Till thy shrill Sound shall peirce the highest Cloud ;

Thou shalt not raise thy Voice to such a height,

As I will gladly answer thee a' comes,

He comes, arm'd by *Andromache* with Love,

And Valour, that shall draw just admiration

From th'envious Deities — Take this last token

Of an assur'd, and happy Victory —

[ *Kisses him.* ]

Go, go, Ple pull my Eyes from thy dear sight

Least thou shou'dst stay too long, and look no more,

Till I behold rich Blood adorn thy Sheild,

Like drops of Coral on the spangl'd shore —

Answer me not, but go, possessthe Field,

'Tis thine my Champion —

What idle Tears are these *Polyxena* ?

*Polix.* Go *Troilus*, thou hast a Virgin's chaff

And dearest wishes for thee.

*Exeunt*, *Andromache* (leading *Polyxena*) and  
*Helen* at one door.

*Enter* *Cassandra*, at another door.

*Enter*

*Enter Cassandra at another door meeting the Brothers,  
as they are just going off.*

*Cass.* Stand ye rash Boys, and hear the voice of Fate;  
Believe *Cassandra* once, before too late. — —

*Paris.* Thou frightful Hag, thou stain to *Priam's* blood,  
Advance no further — —

Thou art more dreadful than a gaping Flood;  
A Spirit damn'd, burst from it's flinty Womb,  
Is not so fatal — Fly this foul Inchantress;  
Thick mists of Devils follow where she comes,  
And proclaim nought, but horror, and despair,  
Threatning worse Plagues, than Battails in the Air.

*Troi.* Disturb us not *Cassandra* with thy Zeal;  
Calm thy prophetick Rage, and smile upon us — —  
Speak once that we may bless thee for the News.

*Hec.* Still dost thou haunt us? tell what fury now,  
Has here inspir'd thee, with so curst a Brow?  
Why hast thou left thy fond religious Cloister,  
And now again torment'st us with thy Cries,  
Wounding thy Blood with Scourges in thy Eyes? — —  
Say — — Let us go — —

*Cass.* Ye cannot stir, if you will hear me speak,  
Or if you do, I'll stop you with a Flood,  
And drown your way, with Currents from my Eyes;  
If that wont do, I'll peirce into the Vrnes  
Of famous *Ilus*, *Dardanius*, and *Troas*,  
Rip op'n the Monuments of your Ancesters,  
And dig your Fathers out with these hard Nails,  
That you may see the groning Spirits that you wake.

*Par.* She's mad, and wou'd infect us all — —

*Cass.* 'Tis thou art mad, thou Firebrand, thou *Cerberus* — —  
O that I cou'd but blot thy fatal Birth  
Out of Mortalitie's Records — —  
How happy wou'd it be for *Troy*, or else  
That thou hadst perish'd on Mount *Ida's* Top,  
Or liv'd a base, and homely Shepherd still. — —  
O give me leave to tear this Monster in my fury,



To reach the burning Hell about his heart,  
And fright that blazing Spirit from its seat,  
That sets us all on flames.

*Hect.* Resist us not this time — Go and return  
*Cassandra* to thy melancholy Cell,  
Consult the Gods above, and they will tell thee,  
The Courages of *Hector* and his Brothers  
Are quite above the Fates.

*Cass.* Stay rash, yet thou most truly noble, *Hector*;  
Stay *Troilus*, my love to thee, thou knowest,  
Must speak thee well — Beware this fatal day,  
Beware *Alcides* Race — I speak to both;  
Let not the unborn World to come, record  
With sorrow, that the Brave, and Valiant *Hector*  
Fell by a hand, less worthy than his own.

*Par.* O mind her not; Zeal and fond Abstinence  
Has made her quite distracted.

*Cass.* Hear first what *Pallas* says, and guess by that,  
As you have ever found my words prove true;  
Her Image still had kept your Walls and Towers,  
Had you believ'd her Oracle by me —  
Late at her Altar, as I lay last Night,  
Piercing the *Parian*-stones with my loud Cries,  
Softning the Steps with penetrating tears  
For you ingrateful Brothers, for whom, in vain  
I've spent whole Floods, and rais'd my tender Voice  
Above the lofty sound of winds to reach your Ears,  
Yet all were lost, and spent in vain upon you,  
Your yet more unrelenting marble-hearts:  
A sacred Vision all my Senses laid,  
And Sun-beams in the Temple round displayd;  
When straight a heav'nly awful Form I spi'd,  
At whose almighty Voice, the Gates flew wide;  
These words, like divine Thunder a' did roar,  
"The work of Fate is done —"  
"For *Priam*, and his Sons are now no more.  
Then, as I look'd, me thought, that by my side,  
Did the great *Myrmidonian* Captain stand  
With an advanc'd, and bloody Weapon in his hand —  
Villain, said I, whose blood has stain'd thy Sword ?

'Tis thine a' cri'd, *Hector's*, and *Troilus*,  
The last of all the Race of *Priam's* Sons  
But *Paris*, least unworthy of his death by me;  
And him I come to find within these Walls.

*Hect.* Mark not her words, I fear she is suborn'd  
By *Agamemnon* and the *Grecian* Captains,—  
That mean to laugh us all to scorn—Hence forth  
Bedumb—Come on—'Tis *Hector* leads you on.

*Cass.* Ah! let me hold thee, gentle *Troilus*;  
These Armes, more soft, than the great *Grecian* Champions,  
Knew'st thou the danger, wou'd not be deni'd—  
By heav'n, if thou dost stir from hence to fight,  
*Achilles* Sword shall give thee death to day.  
Ah! do not go, unnatural bold Brothers,  
For aged *Priam's* sake, and *Hecuba's*.  
Look back upon that great, and goodly Structure,  
A City that so many thousand weak,  
And helpless Souls contains, if you rash men  
The Strength, and Pillars of that mighty Frame;  
Shou'd sink, how soon wou'd it decline, and falling,  
Crush us, and overwhelm us all with Ruin

*Troi.* Take off thy hands—fond Woman thou shalt see,  
My Life's beyond the reach of Prophecy.

*Exeunt* Brothers.

*Cass.* Go then —  
Be curst, and perish to the worst degree  
Of unbeliev'd, and unavoided Destiny;  
And may *Cassandra's* Voice henceforth infect  
The Air, and breath eternal Plagues through all  
The World, if what I've said shall never come  
To pass, nor will I open any more  
These slighted Lips of mine in thy behalf,  
O despicable *Troy* —

*Trumpets sound within.*

The Trumpets sound — The Gods have summon'd ye,  
Bold *Ilium's* Sons — bend, your stubborn Necks:

For now, behold, the pompous Scene of Fate begins.

*Exit Cassandra.*

*As Cassandra is going off, the SCENE opens, and discovers all the Grecian Princes, but Achilles on one side, and Priamus attended on the other side, sitting in State. Ulysses, Patroclus, and Menelaus arm'd for the Combat, come upon the Stage, and meet Andromache, Helen, and Polyxena going to take their Seats. Patroclus in the Armour of Achilles.*

*Dio.* Summon the Trojan Champions to the Lifts.

*Pri.* Ye may —

Yet doubt not, but they will too soon appear.

*Men.* Hold me *Ulysses*, and support me with  
Thy Counse', and thy Arms: for I am struck,  
As if I had been blasted by some Planet —

Her dang'rous Eyes, who can withstand 'em here!  
Those fatal Lamps that shine, and rule ith' Sky,  
Look not so bright, nor do they wound so nigh.

*Ulyss.* Bear up, and shake her Subtile Charms away;  
Look on Revenge, more sweet, and bright than They.

*Men.* Help me ye Powers! I'll cross her as She goes —  
O Gods! How swell'd with shameless Pride She shoves! —  
Canst thou behold, without a modest Fear, [*makes toward Helen.*]  
This walking Image of thy Falsehood here,  
That gloriously durst meet me in this place,  
When thou read'st Grief, and Vengeance in my Face?  
Fear'st thou not, Mountains shou'd upon thee fall,  
And hurry into Hell thy perjur'd Soul —  
How I could curse, and please my heart to rail,  
But when I view those once lov'd Eyes, I fail.

*Hel.* You do ill *Menelaus*  
To tax me now with Falshood, or with Pride,  
When I come thus all kindness to your side,  
Winding your Malice up at such a rate  
For you to pour its Vengeance on the Man you hate; —  
Ple go and be an equal Judge to prove,  
Which can do most, for Hatred, or for Love.

*Men.*



*Men.* O Impudence ! whose weight the World might sink,  
Beyond the reach of Womans Soul to think —  
Ah, let me call to mind thy cunning Lies,  
Thy many oft repeated Perjuries —  
Before the Priest our eager Joys had crown'd,  
And we walk'd o're the rich enamell'd Ground,  
As o're the Meadows, and the Lawns we trod,  
Thou like a Goddess, I thy *sylvan* God ;  
Fair as *Elysium*, I those Walks wou'd call,  
And thee, than Beautie's first Original,  
Still we went on, with loving Arms combin'd,  
Our Eyes mix'd Light, and all our Senses joyn'd.  
Am I not kind, said you, with fatal Smiles ?  
The Ivy clasping so, the Oak beguiles,  
Whose treach'rous kindness Root and Branches kills.

*Hel.* O me ! For pitty I'll be gone —  
I fear you will Relaps, and grow too Weak.

*Men.* Nay, you shall see your Self, and hear me Speak,  
And when I have said all, this Heart shall break. —  
Then, with a longing Sigh, you'd cry, my Dear,  
And on my Trembling hand, let fall a Tear,  
Will you be Mine, and be for ever True ?  
May I be Curst when I am false to you.  
Cou'dst thou more Vows repeat, and Oaths recal,  
Thou then hadst said, and then hadst broak 'em All.

*Dio.* Prepare ; the *Trojan* Champions are all ready,  
And proudly walk around the Lists.

*Men.* Farwell to thee, and Faithless Love for ever.

*Enter Hector, Paris and Troilus.*

*Ulyss.* Now *Menelaus*. —

*Men.* *Ulysses*, thou shalt see, with Wonder too,  
What Injuries of Love can make me do.

*Dio.* First *Grecian* Trumpets sound, and then the *Trojans*. —  
Is it declar'd that all Advantages be taken ?  
And that the Champions on both sides shall Fight  
The Mortal Combat ?

*Hect.* It is, all ways, all bloody Paths to Death  
Shall here be trod with swiftest Fury,

That

That lead to each Proud Adversaries Heart.

*Ulyss.* Agreed.

*Par.* Come Sir, 'tis You and I must now dispute [To Men.]  
For the rich Prize, the Beauty of the World. —  
Behold the Star that shines upon us both  
With equal Charms, and Glorious Influence;  
The Gods have her to the brave Victor giv'n,  
He that Survives shall Reign alone in Heav'n.

*Men.* Though I Loath her, whom thou dost call so Bright,  
Yet I do Hate thee worse with whom I Fight,  
And for that Reason, will, when thou art Dead,  
Rather embrace a Serpent in my Bed.

*Hect.* Who have we here, *Patroclus*!  
I came prepar'd to meet the great *Achilles* —  
What, has a' sent, to mock me, this tame Beast?  
Or thinks to fright me with his Lion's-Skin?

*Patr.* *Hector* shall find there's no such mighty Ods  
Betwixt *Achilles*, and his dear Friend's Breast  
That wears the Royal Gift.

*Dio.* If the first Champion falling be a *Grecian*,  
Then let the *Trojan* Trumpets sound aloud,  
And Voices pierce the Air with Shouts from Earth  
To Heav'n, or if a *Trojan* first be Slain,  
Then let the *Grecians* do the like —  
Now all begin, and the kind Gods direct  
Your better Fortunes.

*Ulyss.* Come Noble *Troilus*.

*And.* The Gods assist my *Hector*.

*Polyx.* And my dear Brother *Troilus*.

} [From behind.]

*They all Fight, Patroclus is kill'd, and Paris falls  
upon Menelaus. Trojan Trumpets sound.*

*Hect.* Thou wert not dipp'd in *Acheron* I'm sure.

*Hel.* Hold, *Paris*, hold, and spare his Life. [From behind.]

*Par.* Live then — See, I obey your Absolute,  
And Indisputable Commands.

*Patr.* *Achilles*, never grudge *Patroclus*'s Death,  
Since he falls Bravely by the hand of *Hector*.

[Dies.]

*Men.*

*Men.* O ye dread Gods! In what was I too blame! —  
Where shall I hide my hated Head for Shame!

*Andromache, Helen, and Polyxena,  
come upon the Stage.*

*And.* Let me adore my *Hector* now, and worship thee,  
Thou Shield of *Troy*, Defender of thy Country,  
And far more awful than the God of War.

*Polyx.* Ah! let me kiss this shining Sword of thine,  
That has defended my dear Brother's heart.

*Ulyss.* You *Troilus*, and I may meet again  
In Fight, where we may hunt each other forth,  
And finish this Dispute, some happier Time.

*Aga.* Dismiss the Field — Convey, with Shouts of Joy,  
The noble Victors to the Gates of *Troy* —  
To you great *Priamus*, we yield the Day —  
Bear hence the mournful Body of *Patroclus*,  
And no remorse be had — We are all Friends  
To Day, and Enemies to Morrow.

SCENE closes, manent only the Women; and the  
Champions of both sides.

*Hect.* Let us Embrace, and then Return all Three.

*Troi.* And thank th' Almighty Gods that we are Free }  
From Curs'd *Cassandra's* spiteful Prophecy.

*Enter to them Achilles with his Myrmidons in a Rage,  
meeting the Body of Patroclus bearing off the Stage.  
The Myrmidons make towards the Brothers as they  
are going out, which makes them Return.*

*Ach.* Where, where is *Hector*? Run, and overtake him!  
Down, down, ye Melancholy Slaves,  
Down with your Sacred Burthen of my Friend —

*Myrmidons lay down the Body, and Achilles and  
they kneel.*



Let me receive this Kiss from his pale Lips,  
 And catch the dear remainder of his Soul,  
 That whispers his Revenge into my Breast —  
 Bow down ye *Myrmidons*, your heads with mine,  
 And Swear with me by this forsaken Shrine,  
 Eternal, and implacable Revenge —  
 Fall on, fall on, and Guard your Master's Life —  
 I'll Sacrifice a thousand *Hectors*.

*Hect.* Advance my Guards on these bold *Myrmidons* —  
 Brothers, stand Firm, and strive with me to tame  
 The Fury of this mad *Hyrcanian* Beast.

*Ulyss.* Hold, hold *Achilles* — Spirit full rash Man,  
 Bold *Thetis* Son, stain not the Blood from whence  
 Thou art descended, lest the God that gave  
 Thee Birth, shou'd strike thee Dead in this fond Action —  
 Our Gen<sup>e</sup>rall *Agamemnon's* Royal Breath  
 Proclaim'd a Peace this Day with worthy *Hector*,  
 And thou insulting breaks forth in thy Fury,  
 And Tramples down all Laws of Honour, and  
 Of Arms — There's none of us all here, but must  
 Stand by with Shame, and not Assist thee.

*Ach.* Curse on your Tame, and weak Apologies —  
 Bright Honour always beats her airy Wings  
 Above thy Reach, and ner'e yet fan'd thy Soul  
 Into a Royal Flame, dull Counsellor. —  
 Tell me of Laws, when Sacred Friendship here  
 Lies Bleeding so, and with it's gaping Wounds,  
 Beseeches more than Saints, and Hermits can  
 With Everlasting Prayers — Tell me of Laws —  
 Were he a Star, or did a Meteor shine,  
 I wou'd pull *Hector* from his Seat Divine,  
 To light my dear *Patroclus's* Funeral Torch —  
 I shall grow Tame — Fall on for my Revenge —  
 This Dismall sight when I look back to see,  
 What's *Agamemnon*, or the Gods to me?

*They Fight, Achilles kills Troilus.*

*Troi.* Hold, hold, dear *Hector* — Let me lean upon you —  
 Retreat into the City whilst you may,

I dread the fatal Omens of this Day —

Let me Injoyn you This before I Die,

Beleive *Cassandra* now, for I am Slain,

Slain by *Achilles* hand — So lay me down.

[ Dies. ]

*Polyx.* Ah me! Eternal Plagues fall on his Head  
That kill'd thee.

[ *Polyx. mourns on his Body.* ]

*Hect.* O let me go — Were there a Thousand Fates, [ *Andr.*  
And more *Cassandra's* here to threaten Ruin, [ *holds Hector* ]

I'de through 'em all, rush like a Clap of Thunder

Upon this furious Monster — Base *Achilles*,

Let me have cause for once, to say th'art Noble —

Lay then aside thy Troops of *Myrmidons*,

And fight with me alone — Say if thou darest?

*Ach.* Thou shalt be pleas'd in this ;

Stand still as Statues, and behold

This mighty Combat.

[ *To his Myrm.* ]

*Andr. Hector*, it must not be ; think on the Words

Of dying *Troilus* — If you will Adventure,

*Achilles* through my Breast shall come at thine,

Or you through me shall reach *Achilles* Heart ;

For here I am resolv'd to stand betwixt.

*Ach.* Away, away, with all the speed you can,

Whilst this safe Beauty holds thee in her Arms,

And my dear Murder'd Friend does give me leave. —

To Morrow I will call thee from the Walls,

As early as the Dawn ; but look for nothing,

But horrid Death to part us where we come.

*Hect.* And I more Early will anticipate,

And meet thee in the Field, where to thy With,

This deadly Feud betwixt us both shall End.

*Ach.* Fly ye dull Minutes all ; and wait upon that Hour.

*Achilles turns to the Body of Patroclus.*

*Par.* Rise Sister from that killing Object.

*Polyx.* I'll follow you ; but these sad Eyes of mine

Shall never part from this, dear Woefull sight,

Till his devouring Tomb has swallow'd him,

[ *To some of the*

*Paris.* Take up the Body, and wait on our Sister. *Trojan Guard.* ]

*Exeunt.* *Hector*, *Paris*, &c.

G

*Manent*

*Strident Achilles, the dead Body of Patroclus, Polyxena,  
weeping o'er Troilus. Trojan Guards and Myrmidons.*

*Ach.* But thou not livest to thank thy dear *Achilles*. [mean. Pat.]  
For this mean Victim here, it is too small; [meaning Troi.]  
I'll have whole Heaps attend thy Funeral,  
*Ilium* shall sink, it's shining Temples burn,  
And Hills of Gold run melting to thy Urne —  
I'll send a Scourge to lash the slow Revenge  
Of *Hector* — Quickly take his bleeding Body,  
And earlier than th' Assault begins to Morrow,  
Drag ye his hated Carcass through the Ditch [To his Myrm.]  
That runs about the Town, before the Eyes  
Of the Astonish'd *Priam*, and his Blood —  
What, do you fear to touch him?

*Polyx.* O Heav'ns! What fatal words are these I hear!  
Ye shall not tear him from these warm Embraces —  
Where's *Hector*, *Paris*? What, are they all gone! —  
How! Drag his precious Body, like a foul,  
And loathsome Malefactor through the Streets! —  
O Cruel, most Inhuman of thy Sex! —  
A Man! A Devil sure thou art, or else,  
How had'st thou liv'd in than unwholesome Lake,  
And poy's'nous Flood, where blackest Spirits bath?  
Through all thy Veins runs filthy *Acheron*,  
And thy base Blood contains the River *Styx* —  
Cannot his horrid Murther serve thy Turn? —  
But I'm to blame — You cannot be so Cruel; [Runs to Achil.]  
You are a God, have Lightning in your Eyes;  
For when you Dart me with an angry Glance,  
And send forth Thunder with your awful Voice,  
A Storm flung from the rage of *Jupiter*  
Is not so Dreadful. [Kneels to him, and holds him.]

*Ach.* Away; I have no heart to burn, nor Eyes  
To melt — Dispatch I bid you. [To the Myrm.]

*Polyx.* Ah. look not so — My timorous Body shakes,  
And my pale Joynts all tremble when you frown,  
Like Leaves upon an Aspin's tender Twig,  
Shook by the rustling Winds. —



See, I will shew you such a pretious Sight, (runs to the Body.)  
The gallant'st, bravest, dearest, loveliest Creature,  
(I'me sure, when a' was living he was so.)

*Ach.* Villains! Furies! shall I be plaid with all?

*Polyx.* Look, look thou Darling of the divine *Thetis*.  
Shall these soft Lips of his that I have kiss'd  
A thousand times, the Gates of his sweet Mouth,  
Be stop't with Dirt? shall these dear Hands be fast'ned  
To Horses-Tails, that I've so often ti'd  
With bracelets of my Hair? fate by his side,  
And pleas'd him with a hundred innocent,  
And pretty Tales? — O, take my Body rather,  
And throw it in the noisom-Place;  
Deck you his Limbs with rich Embroideries  
By recluse Virgins of Religion, made,  
And crown his head with rare enamell'd Flowers;  
Then burn the *Arabian Phoenix* in her Nest  
With Trees of richest Gums, and Spices blest,  
To mingle with his Urne, then bear him gently,  
Softly as Leaves of Blossoms lay themselves,  
And shut him in that dark, and loathsome Place  
From whence he never will return.

*Ach.* Put her away, and bear the Body forth —  
She's rais'd a Hell within my Blood.  
Passion, like unborn Tempests pent within  
The Concaves of the Earth, lie in my Breast, and roll,  
And struggle with Infernal Tortures to get out —  
Tear the lov'd Body from her Arms — Away with her;  
Convey her hence to cursed *Ilum* —  
Shut her at once, for ever from my sight;  
Do, though I'me lost in an eternal Night:

*Polyx.* You must not do't, he is too good to mean it — (She holds the body fast. To the Myr. Runs to Ach.)  
See, see, look up, there's pity in his Face —  
Speak brave *Achilles*, shall thy Slaves abuse  
My Brothers pale, and strengthless Body thus?  
O have a Care — What is't you mean to do? (Runs again to the Body and speaks to the Myrm.)  
See, the great God begins to roar — Be gone  
And Pleintreat his pardon for your Fault —  
If he's a Deity, he needs must pity me.  
For they will hear when the afflicted Pray.

## The Destruction.

*Ach.* She is a Sorceress, a very Witch——  
Hew off her hold, and drag the Body hence,  
She has a Legion of arm'd *Trojans* in her Eyes.

*They unloose her hands by force, and take away the  
Body, then she rises and speaks.*

*Polyx.* I wish I had; and that thy Breast contain'd  
As many Souls, that I might wound 'em all——  
But since I can't, and I have nothing left,  
But a wrong'd Womans rage to Curse;  
O maist thou fall less pitid, and less Braye——  
Than *Troilus*, and may some Woman's Eyes  
Revenge me on thy cursed Cruelties,  
To love, and be deceiv'd, and in the height,  
When thy proud Soul is giddy with delight,  
And all thy Senses for Enjoyment wait,  
Maist thou th' Effects of my just Curses feel,  
To sink thy Soul that moment into Hell,

*Exit Polyxena.*

*Ach.* She's gone, and left my Soul  
Wrapp'd in eternal thought——What ails me, ha!  
I am all Hell, all Torments, and all Fury——  
O *Jupiter*! How is thy Son oppress!  
Something like Fire, and Water in my breast,  
In Thunder swells, and choaks me of my rest.  
Go spiteful Beauty, thou shalt dearly boast,  
To Morrow I'll send *Hector* with an host  
To wait upon my dear *Patroclus* Ghost.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

SCENE opens, and discovers Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, Menelaus, Diomedes, and Ajax.

*Aga.* **S** Peak, wife *Ulysses*, what you have to say,  
And what pertains to this so early meeting  
At your request,

*Ulyss.* I hope you are not all ill satisfied,  
Wife *Grecians*, with the fruits of my Advice,  
That yet have not misled you with my Counsels,  
And that I have a heart, that dares contend  
To do a deed of Glory to you all,  
With *Thetis* Son, though loud and bold as Thunder,  
And furious as an untam'd *Lybian* Lion,  
Yet all that strength, without Mercurial Art,  
And wise, and solid, gentle means to Govern,  
Is like a rash, and mighty *Elephant*,  
That in the Fight throws his stout Rider off,  
And headlong drives, and scatters all before him,  
And knows no Ranks of Friends nor Adversaries.

*Ach.* Y'had best be brief; or with your Rhetorick,  
Try if you can drive *Hector* from the Walls,  
*Hector* whom ev'ry Moment we expect,  
Wak'd by the Blood of *Troilus*, soon as  
The Sun, to visit us before the Camp;  
Or try to quench within this Breast of mine,  
The horrid blazing Fire of my Revenge  
For my dear slaughter'd Friend *Patroclus*—Do so;  
But thou art wise, and knowest approaching Danger,  
And always studiest to secure thy Head  
From any Action falling on it.

*Ulyss.* *Achilles* let me tell you, you can boast,  
And praise your empty Valour, like the Winds,  
That roar, and make a dreadful Noise of nothing. —  
You told me that you sav'd me once in fight—

Might



Might I have leave, wise Princes, to recount,  
But in a word, the things that I have done,  
You'd say with Justice, that I've sav'd his Head,  
And yours, and all from Ruin; that I have done more,  
And with my Conduct, and these hands, have slain  
More *Trojans* in the Field, than he, back'd on  
With all his fatal *Myrmidons*, has done.

*Ach.* By *Peleus* Soul, and *Thetis* Godhead, now  
'Tis false, base *Ithycan*: Thou shelter'st  
Thyself from my just Rage beneath the Wing  
Of this respected Presence, else I'd strike—  
Strike, to thy Soul, this Javelin through thy Heart.

*Aga.* What means this unjust Rage amongst your selves?

*Men.* *Achilles* is too blame.

*Ulyss.* What am I? Tell me *Agamemnon*, am I  
A Prince equal to any, or a Slave?  
Why am I call'd to Council hear among you?  
Bear witness all ye Gods how I am injur'd!  
That now I cannot have the liberty  
O'th' meanest Officer of all the Army,  
To speak my mind to th' benefit of *Greece*. —  
Though I dare any thing with proud *Achilles*;  
I claim my *Ithycans* all from service  
Of your Interest, and that I may be hence dismiss'd.

*Ach.* Yes, to a kiss of's dear *Penelope*.

*Aga.* I charge you lay aside your Rage *Achilles*,  
And you *Ulysses*, wisely rule your temper.  
We all intreat you to disclose your mind,  
And he that interrupts you after this,  
Is Enemy to all — Is this a time  
For grudging *Animosities* to Reign  
In private Breasts?

*Ach.* I am rebuk'd —  
I can't be sooth'd, or bridl'd to a temper;  
But shall give way to this sententious Man.

*Exit Achilles.*

*Ulyss.* I need not call to your remembrance,  
That we are all of mortal Bodies fram'd,  
Of flesh though 't has so many strokes indur'd

Of Ten years Labour, yet can never weary  
 The hand of Time, but must at last give o're;  
 An Anvil half so beaten wou'd decay.  
 Our Ships are all grown Old, some sunk with Age,  
 And rooting grow into the lofty banks  
 Of *Tenedos* — All yet we have receiv'd  
 Has been but blows for blows, a *Troilus* —  
 For brave *Patroclus* — Grant me leave to teach you,  
 The way of Stratagems you must begin,  
 And give the World a thankful Precedent  
 To cut all tedious Wars in sunder, and dry up  
 Prodigious Rivers of dear Blood, that may  
 Ensue — Thus 'tis — I have, by my Invention,  
 Thought of a mighty Engin to be fram'd,  
 Most like a Horse, whose wide and spacious Womb  
 May safely lodge a thousand Men at Arms  
 Inclos'd, not by the wisest, jealous Eye  
 To be perceiv'd — Send straight to *Priam* then  
 With offers of an everlasting Peace,  
 And that we'll hence return, contented with  
 No other Article, than Love. — This Horse,  
 As a rich Statue, we will then adorn,  
 And send it to be fix'd i'th' midst of *Troy*,  
 Or in the Temple of the Goddess *Pallas*,  
 As an Amends for the so fatal Injury  
 Done on her ravish'd Image the *Palladium*,  
 And a perpetual Monument of Peace  
 Between both sides, whence, in the dead of Night,  
 The bold advent'rous Champions lock'd within,  
 May issue forth, and let us into *Troy*.

*Omn.* We all adore this great Advice.

*A charge sounded, with shouts within.*

*Exit Diomedes.*

*Ag.* Heark, there's a Charge already sounded.

*Reenter Achilles and Myrmidons.*

*Ach.* Awake, awake from sleepy, tardy Counsells,

And

And er'e you can propose to talk in State,  
 Let's first send *Hector* to his Den below,  
 This waking Dragon that so guards the City.

*Reenter Diomedes in haste.*

*Dio.* *Hector's* arriv'd. and like a roaring Lion  
 Scatters whole herds of *Grecians* where a' comes,  
 And dreadful Slaughter raigs about his Sword.  
 I saw him seize upon the dead dragg'd Body  
 Of *Troilus*, and like a sudden Storm,  
 Fell on the Executioners pale heads,  
 And drove 'em all to covert, giving the mangl'd Coarse  
 Safe guarded, to the Custody of Women,  
 That mourn'd as if they'd wake him with their Cries,  
 And with their tears  
 Did wash away the Dirt that clos'd his Eyes.

*Aga.* Now brave *Achilles*, and now dear *Ulysses*,  
 Disperse all inheroick thoughts of Anger,  
 And fight not now less bravely for your Country——  
 Let me behold you Friends before you part.

*Ach.* See, my big heart does bend that scorns all malice.——  
 Thus I embrace, and beg you'd pardon me——  
 My Bosome, naturally rough, contains (Embrace)  
 Such Fire as in the Flinty Quarry lies,  
 One sudden Spark it gives, and then it dies.

*Ulyss.* It is a Gem I shall esteem for ever.

*Aga.* This is a happy Omen——I'll to Horse,  
 Whilst you repair each to his gallant Charge.

*Exit Agamemnon. Guards stay.*

*Ach.* Come *Diomedes*, thou shalt follow me——  
*Ulysses*, *Menelaus*, and you *Ajax*,  
 Stay near this place, and guard the Gen'ral's Tent.  
 Thou great *Alcides* by my Mother known,  
 By thy twelve Labours now protect thy Son——  
 Come near my *Myrmidons*, your Rage display,  
 Brush like the Winds, and sweep your Masters way;  
 Two hundred of your Brothers loss regain,



By the great *Hector* in one Battel slain,  
Fond *Troilus*, this is a short reprieve;  
I'll fetch thee back, wert thou again alive,  
And though the Furies fort he *Trojans* fight,  
All save not *Hector* from thy fate this Night.

*Exeunt Achilles, Diomedes, and Myrmidons.*

*Men.* Brave Soul! Whilst he's thus double arm'd,  
With *Hector's* hate, *Patroclus* love inspir'd,  
He will do wonders past the reach of Fame.

*Ulyss.* Wo be to us, or to the *Trojans*,  
If *Hector*, and *Achilles* chance to meet;  
Like two huge clashing Tempests in the Heavn's,  
They'll break,  
And fall in Thunder on each others head——

These are the *Trojan* shouts that fill the Sky.

(*shouts within.*)

*Men.* I fear it is a sign of Victory.

*Ajax.* Let us advance, and stay not here to dy.

*As they are going off enter to them Paris,  
and Soldiers.*

*Par.* *Trojans* rejoyce, the *Grecian* Courage fails;  
Whilst *Hector*, like a deadly Ocean pours  
And bears before him all that are his Foes,  
Is like a Stream that from his Torrent runs,  
Have all his noble Courage, though not strength——  
*Ulysses* here, and *Menelaus*! —— I'm glad I've met thee;  
Cou'd I kill thee, my Fortune were Sublime,  
And I wou'd ravish  
Thy *Helen* with the News the second time.

*Men.* *Paris*, protect thy own Life first.

*They fight. The Grecians beat off the Trojans.  
Enter Hector, and Guards, and rescue them.*

*Hect.* What, *Paris* here oppress'd with odds! —— *Ulysses*!  
Thou art the only Man next proud *Achilles*,  
That I'de be glad to kill —— I thank thee *Jupiter*——

H

Remember

Remember that thou stol'st the great *Palladium* —  
 Have at thee, my fine subtil *Mercury*,  
 Nor shalt thou scape from my impartial Vengeance,  
 Unless th'adst wings, and wert as swift as he.

*They fight, the Trojans beat off the Grecians.*  
*Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.*

*Ach.* There, guard him safe till my return — [ *speaking to*  
 Against the Women shut your Eyes, and Ears, *some within.* ]  
 Be deaf to their loud Cries, and blind to all their Tears. —  
 Ha! *Hector* here! —

This is the happiest hour of all my Life,  
 That shall for ever end our great Debate —  
 Hold gallant *Hector*, hold thy Godlike Arm —  
 Let not the *Eagle* bait a simple Fly —  
 Behold, look back, here stands *Achilles* by.

(*Hector returns.*)

*Hect. Achilles!* —

Did I behold my lov'd *Andromache*  
 Surpris'd, and almost murder'd by the hands  
 Of some foul Ravisher, and She cri'd loudly  
 To all the Gods for her deliverance,  
 Her dying Voice cou'd not provoke me more  
 To come like Lightning to her dear Revenge.  
 Wert thou, again most dreadfully return'd  
 From Hell anointed, and hot reaking from  
 The River *Stix*, or boiling *Acheron*,  
 And stood'st on th' other side; in spight of fear,  
 I'd swim the Brimstone-Lake to meet thee there.

*Ach.* We're both agreed, and I love thee as well —  
 O powerful Charms of my revengeful Hate!  
 Love is not near so great, nor half so sweet.  
 He that views Heav'n beneath his Mistress brow,  
 Feels not the Joy that does possess me now.

*Hector* —

How dreadful to the World art thou and I!  
 Who er'e yet saw two Rival Suns ith' Sky,  
 But dreaded some prodigious change was nigh:  
 Let the whole World beware this Storm at hand;  
 Troy on thy Fate, and Greece on mine does stand.

*Hector*

*Heft.* Old *Dardanus*, and *Ilus* now look down,  
And cast your Eyes from *Joves* Imperial Throne;  
Help me, by all your *Trojan* Kindred slain,  
To catch the Life of this detested Man. —  
Prepare, for with such speed I'll reach thy Heart,  
As a bent Bow sends forth a flying Dart.

*Ach.* Invoak'st thou little Deities! No, *Jove*,  
With all the under Gods, and petty Drove,  
Must now behold, and sit to judge the Fight,  
Whilst fearful Planets sicken at the sight.  
No trivial slaughter shall abroad be seen,  
Imperial Death calls all his Forces in  
To set with horror forth this dreadful Scene.

*Heft.* *Achilles* yes, how can the Gods but choose  
For thy base Rage on mangl'd *Troilus*,  
When thou didst tear his slaughter'd Head away  
From the soft Breast of sad *Polyxena*,  
And in a brutish Valour thence did trail  
His gallant Limbs ri'd to thy Horses-tail.

*Ach.* Know then to burst  
Thy heart yet more with Vengeance and with Grief,  
His Body's torn again from thy Relief,  
And the same hands, when thou art Dead, shall come,  
And fetch thee to my dear *Patroclus* Tomb,  
Dragging thee there in sad procession round,  
Whilst his pale Ghost with thy Revenge is crown'd.

*Heft.* And I'll not be ungrateful: —  
For when I've kill'd thee I'll exalt thee high,  
Upon some Pinnacle that hits the Sky,  
Where, all that fear'd this *Grecian* Deity,  
Shall flock together, and make sport with thee,  
Whilst thou dost proudly sit, and curse, in State,  
The Gods, thy Friends, the Authors of thy Fate.

*Ach.* *Hector* come on; I can no longer hold —  
This thunder, thou hast rammi'd, must break upon thee.  
Keep off — First let us try whose Fate it is, [To his Greeks.]  
Alone to Conquer: Say *Hector*, shal't be so?

*Heft.* Agreed. Stand by, and till that bloody Moment,  
Stir not a step to interpose. [To his Trojans.]



# The Destruction

*They fight and Hector bleeds. They pause.*

*Ach.* Thou bleed'st, each pretious Drop that I behold,  
Is more than worth an Armie's Victory,  
Richer than all the *Trojan* blood that stains  
*Tenedos* Isle or bright *Scamanders* Plains.

*Hect.* Sure *Vulcan's* stroaks upon my Arms I feel,  
Harder, than if his Anvil were my Sheild——  
Eternal darkness shroud thy envious Light thou Sun,  
Withdraw thy Beams from the loath'd *Hector's* sight,  
And let no Eyes be witness of my shame,  
To see me blush all blood, my Cheeks all flame. ——  
Assist me Gods —— Is there no way to meet  
Thy curst-bound Soul in its enchanted Seat?

*They fight again. Hector falls.*

*Ach.* So falls the Body of some mighty Oak,  
By the rough Winds of many a Tempest shook,  
Tears up the Earth with a prodigious Sound,  
And strikes his boughy Elbows in the Ground.

*Hect.* Be quick my Soul, and fly with all the speed  
Thou canst, and leave me, as if I ne're had been,  
Without the Torture of a dying thought——  
The Gods are angry —— Boast *Achilles*, boast  
Thou hast slain *Hector*, and that *Troy* is lost.

[Dies]

*Ach.* Die then, Supporter of thy Countrie's Fame,  
And ever after live *Achilles* name. ——  
Drag hence his Body to the fatal Tomb,  
And, when my poor *Patroclus* Ghost is pleas'd,  
Drag him with *Troilus* to the Gates of *Troy*,  
And drown their woful Cries with Shouts of Joy;  
The news to all your fellow Soldiers bear,  
*Hector* is Dead, the Terrour of the War.

*Reenter to him Diomedes.*

*Diom.* Where is *Achilles*? that he shuns the way  
To glory which still crowns this fatal Day;

Brave

Brave *Ajax*, and *Ulysses* have done wonders.  
The General *Agamemnon*, twice unhors'd,  
Has mounted once again; with his own hand  
He strook the Valiant *Deiphobus* down,  
And slew King *Priam's* hopeful youngest Son;  
*Aeneas* at the dreadful sight, retreated,  
And the fierce Courage of his Troops grew slack;  
*Paris* yet only does maintain the Fight,  
But all will fly before *Achilles* fight.——

Come *Peleus* mighty Son ——

*Ach.* Yes *Diomedes*——

See, see where lies the Valiant *Hector* dead.

*Diom.* Then happy *Greece*; for the whole War is done  
With this one Blow by great *Alcides* Son.

Here sits the Glory of uncertain State,  
And hapless Valour slain by envious Fate.——

Let it not take *Achilles* from thy Praise,  
To say he was the bravest Man that ever was.

*Ach.* Away, till I am glutted with the News, [*To his Soldiers*]  
That round the Camp ye've trail'd his hated Limbs,  
And harrow'd o'er the rugged Flints his Bones.

*Dio.* Why means the brave *Achilles* so to do?  
*Hector* wou'd ne'er have done the like to you.  
Do not on him your fatal Vengeance try,  
Who living was so brave an Enemy;  
His Death rewards your more than ten years pain.  
Stand here, it shall with Glory to all Worlds remain,  
That thou *Achilles* hast brave *Hector* slain. }

*Ach.* Talk not of pity in my Breast to him  
That has *Patroclus* kill'd——Obey me streight.

[*Soldiers carry off Hector's Body.*]

*Dio.* If nothing can your cruel Rage oppose,  
Think on the woful State of *Troilus*.  
Coming this way, I met the sad Remains  
Hal'd by the wild, and dreadful Executioners,  
Assisted by thy Slaves, who acted o'er thy Vengeance  
With as much horreur as thou didst Command,  
Whilst the most bright of all the *Trojan* Dames,  
The Virgin-Daughter of Queen *Hecuba*,  
Follow'd the mangl'd Coarse with lamentable Cries,

In a distracted Meen —  
 Her golden Hair dishevel'd round her waist,  
 'As bright, as if the Sun had her embrac'd,  
 With an exalted Dagger in her hand,  
 She threatn'd off the Guards, and made 'em stand;  
 Thy horrid *Myrmidons* stood all abash'd,  
 And her fierce Beauty through their Arms did feel,  
 That slighted, with it's force, the pointed Steel.  
 There never was so sad a Sight to move  
 'T'wixt all the force of Cruelty, and Love —  
 See, what no Tongue has Courage to unfold,  
 Nor no Eyes, but *Achilles*, to behold.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Polyxena weeping over the dragg'd Body of Troilus, her Hair and Garments disorder'd, a Dagger in her hand, and the Myrmidons looking on.*

*Ach.* The sudden dismal Object makes me start;  
 Something like Ice does melt about my Heart. —  
 Where am I *Diomed*? Speak; canst thou say?  
 Is that dead *Troilus*, and that *Polyxena*?  
 Or is't some Deity that's sent below  
 With all the Charms of Beauty, and of Woe?  
 Drest like the Morning Goddess she appears,  
 Decking her beamy Locks in Dewy Tears.  
 So the fair Empress of the Night, the Moon,  
 Mourn'd and wept o'er her lov'd *Endymion* —  
 Why Villains did you do this horrid Deed? [To the Myrm.]  
 Though I had not, you shou'd a' had hearts to bleed. —  
 Look gentle Goddess, here *Achilles* bends,  
 More aw'd, and trembling at thy dread Commands,  
 Than he that at the great Tribunal stands —  
 Ha! strike, strike where your Eyes began the smart,  
 [Offers to Stab her self.]  
 And turn your pointed dagger to my Heart —  
 Give me this fatal Instrument of Death —  
*Polyx.* What, can I in no Place be free from thee,  
 That haunts me with thy endless Cruelty,  
 Deni'st me Life, and will not give me leave to die? }

*Ach.*



*Ach.* O Gods! I can no longer bear my Pain——  
 I am all Flame, and scorch'd through ev'ry Vein;  
 A thousand Furies in my Breast controll,  
 And lash with burning Whips my guilty Soul;  
 Her Eyes shoot through me with a hot Desire,  
 And her sad Tears pour Oyl into the Fire——  
 Give me thy Counsel gentle *Diomed* ——  
 Yet run, and rescue, er'e it be too late,  
 And save the violated *Hector* straight;  
 In thine own Arms convey him to my Tent,  
 And bath his Limbs with rich *Ambrosiack* Sent;  
 Thy melting Cheeks to his pale Bosome lay,  
 And with thy Tears wash the foul Dirt away——  
 Fly with a Thought, a Moment is Delay.

*Exit Diomedes.*

Now all ye Gods assist me from the Skyes,  
 Draw all your dropping Clouds into my Eyes;  
*Neptune* lend me the Sea to bath in here:  
 For whole great Rivers will not wash me clear——  
 Here by thy Side for ever I'll remain  
 Close, till I've hatch'd thee into Life again.

[ *Lies down by Troilus.* ]

*Polyx.* O Gods! What i'st I see! Or do I dream?

*Ach.* Is there no help, nor can't I follow him?  
 Why was I made Immortal thou great *Jove*,  
 If I am less than any God above?  
 That for the thousand Mortals I have slain  
 Cannot obtain the pow'r to make one Man——  
 Look injur'd Beauty, cast your Eyes on me,  
 If you the Man through so much Guilt can see;  
 Beneath thy dear wrong'd Brothers Ghost he lies,  
 For ever fix'd till you shall bid him rise.

*Polyx.* Rise then and go —— I pity thy remorse;  
 I have no strength to rail, nor power to curse,  
 And freely do forgive you from my heart,  
 But only beg that we may never part.

[ *Meaning the Body.* ]

And that you'd suffer welcome Death to come,  
 And lay us both together in one Tomb.

*Ach.*

*Ach.* May I be blest, and now believe my Sense!  
 O Sacred Joy! O heav'nly Excellence! [*Rises from the Body.*]  
 Come *Pluto* from thy dark and dreadful Mansion,  
 For I deserve not in this place to dwell —  
 Take me, and sink me to the Depth of Hell —

*Achilles sits down in a passion, and holds out  
 his Arms and Legs to the Myrmidons.*

Come *Myrmidons* —  
 Come all of you, and do as I command —  
 Quick, quickly bind me, bind each hated Hand,  
 And tie these Legs to fiery Horses Tails —  
 Make hast, you murd'ring Dogs, you Slaves, you Snails.  
 Let her in a Triumphant Chariot ride,  
 Drag me, as I did *Troilus*, by her side,  
 From whence she may behold the crimson'd Road,  
 And ev'ry Stone dy'd with *Achilles* Blood.

*Polyx.* What means this Madness, now it is too late.

*Ach.* Then I will live to be reveng'd on Fate. [*Ach. rises.*]  
 Rise Goddess from this horrid Spectacle —  
 Pity a Love whose pains no tongue can tell. [*Polyx. rises.*]

*Polyx.* Then wretched art thou more than I can wish,  
 And I am surely curst in hearing this —  
 Love thee! The Gods defend me with their Care!  
 Thy Soul is the Epitome of War,  
 The raging Sea disturb'd with furious Wind,  
 Is not so ruff, as thy tempestuous mind;  
 I wou'd as soon embrace, within these Arms,  
 The baited Panther, or the hunted Lion.

*Ach.* The Sea by Tempests made so dreadful, wild;  
 Yet when the Sun appears, grows calm, and mild;  
 Do thou serenely look, and kindly smile,  
 'Twill teach me how my roughness to beguile.  
 Like the curl'd Lion, with thy Beauty charm'd,  
 Ple softly lay me down, and kiss thy Feet,  
 And never stir from thy dear pretious sight,  
 But follow thee all Day, and watch by thee all Night;  
 There's far more dread in cruel Beauty lies,  
 And all my Strength is weaker than thy Eyes.

*Polyx.*

*Polyx.* Is't possible that Love can thee control,  
When Pity never yet cou'd reach thy Soul?  
When I beneath thy Feet with sorrow lay,  
A Dragon wou'd as soon have heard me pray.

*Ach.* O save these heav'nly falling Tears——  
Richer than th' Essence of an *April* Show'r,  
Whose each rare Pearl creates a gawdy Flow'r.  
Less pretious Drops than these the Sun has shed,  
Which on obdurate Rocks have Diamonds bred:  
But I, inhumane, worse than Tygers bent,  
Heard all thy Prayers, and yet cou'd not relent;  
Threw off thy Tears, which slid from my hard Heart,  
As Drops from unrelenting Marble, loath to part.

*Polyx.* Speak, speak no more — Behold these gaping wounds.

*Ach.* Remove the dreadful Cause of all her Woe, [*To the Myr.*]  
Deck him with all that Sweets, or Hands can do,  
Buckle a rich, and sable Armour on,  
Then, in a Hearse, convey him to the Town,  
Mourn in sad Sighs, and weep you all the way,  
Till you have left him in his Mother's Arms.  
Tell her, that henceforth just *Achilles* swears,  
He'll ne're more stain his Sword with Blood of hers,  
But make the *Grecians* quit their Siege with speed,  
If she'll reward him with *Polyxena*. [*They carry off the Body.*]

*Reenter Ulysses, and Menelaus, Soldiers, with  
Paris Prisoner.*

*Ulyss.* Why stands the brave *Achilles* here so long?  
*Paris* is taken, and *Hector* thou hast slain.

*Men.* Their Soldiers are with Slaughter all cut off,  
And few are left at home to guard the Town.

*Ulyss.* Hast, to their sad forsaken Walls repair,  
And *Greece* to Day shall end this tedious War.

*Ach.* I thank thee Love, that thou hast shew'd the way,  
How I may now oblige *Polyxena*.

*Paris*, thy Sister gives thee Liberty. [*Unbinds Paris.*]

*Ulyss.* What dares *Achilles* set my Pris'ner free?

*Ach.* *Ulysses*, dare! That Breath thou'dst bothy last,  
By *Hector's* Soul, that livest to question me;



But Love has charm'd all Rage within my Breast —  
 O that I cou'd call *Troilus*, and *Hector* back  
 So soon, I'de give a thousand lives with Joy.

*Par.* What wond'rous happy change is this!

*Ach.* Know, *Menelaus*,  
 That I alone have gorg'd thy greedy Vengeance,  
 With blood of all the *Trojan* Sons, but this:  
 Nay have done more than the whole War beside,  
 Enough to satisfie the angry Gods.  
 Let Peace be offer'd then before to Morrow,  
 Or I'll no more against the *Trojans* fight —  
 If you refuse, then leave me to my Choice;  
 This Arm shall soon rejoyce their drooping Hearts  
 And turn the Scale; which with my strength I poys'd. —  
 Divine *Polyxena*  
 I'll send a Guard to wait you to the Town. —  
 Will you kind *Paris*, be my Advocate?

*Par.* Why shou'd the great and brave *Achilles* doubt it?  
 No longer than to Morrow you'll expect,  
 When you, and the poor *Trojans* you have sav'd,  
 Shall happy be.

*Ach.* Then *Troy* look up above the envious Fates,  
*Achilles* now, and Beauty guards thy Gates,  
 Whilst Love upon thy batter'd Walls does stand,  
 And shoots swift Darts from his Immortal Hand.

*Exeunt Ach. Paris, Polyxena, and Myrm.*

*Men.* O horrid Traytor!

*Ulyss.* I am the Traytor — Kill me, torture me  
 That first deceiv'd you, when I brought this Man,  
 This furious, fickle, and tempestuous Devil,  
 To be a Plague to our Designs and Hopes.

*Reenter to them Agam. Ajax, Diom. with Guards.*

*Agam.* I met *Achilles*, as I came this way,  
 Heedless, and in his Hand *Polyxena*.

*Ulyss.* *Paris*, a Pris'ner taken in the Fight,  
 'A has releas'd, and cowardly bewitch'd

With

With Beauties Charms, has vow'd to fight for Greece  
No more, and if you w'on't to Peace incline,  
He'll run from us, and with the *Trojans* join.

*Aga.* Haft, found a quick Retreat through all the Army;  
Let ev'ry Prince draw up his Men together;  
Then instantly surprise, as in a Ring,  
His *Myrmidons*, and kill 'em ev'ry one. — — —

*Ulyss.* Hold *Agamemnon* — Take this last Advice,  
And if it prove not to your Hopes, successful,  
Then all your Rage light on *Ulysses* Head —  
*Achilles* knows not yet of our Design  
Of the prodigious Engin of the Horse;  
Then let's go in, and call him straight to Council;  
Tell him we gladly shall embrace the Peace,  
That we'll remove the Camp to *Tenedos*,  
And leave this Statue to be plac'd in *Ilium*,  
As a perpetual Pledge of Faith between us;  
So, whilst your self, and others grace his Wedding,  
You *Ajax*, *Diomed*, and *Menelaus*,  
With some selected Troops close lock'd within,  
Shall hurry forth, aided with Midnight Silence,  
And so surprise both *Trojans* and *Achilles*.

*Omnes.* There spoke the God, the Oracle of Greece.

*Ajax.* In, in and prosecute this great Device.

*Aga.* Quick, let's embrace the Counsel of the wise.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA

SCENE opens to a Temple, and discovers Andromache kneeling before Hector's Tomb, his Armour and Sword upon it. Paris enters to her.

Paris. **V V** What means the sad *Andromache* to mourn  
With endless Tears upon her Husbands Urn,  
As if she'd challenge Heav'n, that lent no Ears? —  
Look up, behold the Gods have heard thy Prayers.

*And.* What art? I hear the Voice of blessed Tydings,  
But my dull Eyes, all swoln and drown'd in Tears,  
Forbid that I shou'd see the happy Man  
That brings such Comfort to *Andromache*.

*Par.* Peace spreads her Wings o're all the Gates of Troy,  
Through ev'ry Street is heard the Sound of Joy,  
And bury'd *Ilium* now again appears;  
Rise like a Phoenix from thy Husband's Hearse.  
The *Grecians* have remov'd their Ten Years Siege;  
The widen'd Gates extend their longing Arms  
To let in proud *Achilles*, who this hour  
Is to be marri'd to *Polyxena*.

*And.* Now Pity hold thy Tongue, or stop my Ears,  
If this be all the Comfort it declares —  
Blame not *Andromache*, though still she grieves,  
Whilst *Hector's* dead, and base *Achilles* lives.

*Par.* Rise best of Women then, and swiftly move,  
Wing'd with the Charms of just Revenge and Love —  
Give me thy hand — Thus o're his Sacred Tomb,  
His Spirit ecchoing from it's Marble Room,  
Swear, that the Gods may hear us ev'ry Word,  
By *Hector's* Ghost, his Gantlet, and his Sword.

*And.* What shall I swear?

*Par.* Revenge, Revenge for thy dear Husband's Death,  
Swift on the Head of haughty, proud *Achilles*,  
Anticipate his watchful Stars, that guard



His hated Life, and snatch bright darling Vengeance  
From the fond Breast of *Jove*, and execute  
So sudden, 'twill amaze the Rival God  
To see us favour'd, and so doted on  
By his belov'd, and courted Goddess.

*And.* See, see with eager haſt, and longing Hopes,  
As er'e I wiſh'd to ſee the happy Fruit — — —  
Of a hard Birth I groan'd with — — — Thus I ſwear  
By all theſe dear Remains, with Tears of Joy,  
And Sorrow mingled in a Show'r together.

*Par.* And I by all theſe hallow'd Bones,  
And bur'd Valour here — So, 'tis enough;  
Now give thy Eyes ſome reſpite from their juſt  
And tributary Tears, to lead thee forth,  
Where thou may'ſt glut thy longing Sight, and reap  
Far greater and more pleaſing Sacrifices  
To heap upon his Tomb, where for theſe Trophies,  
The Armour forg'd by *Vulcan* ſhall be laid,  
And on his Spear *Achilles* dreadful Head.

*And.* O tell me then, how I Revenge may have; [*Come forward*  
Nothing but that cou'd force me from his Grave; -- *upon the Stage*]  
Inſtruct me by what Miſchief we may now  
Send this Immortal to his Seat below.

*Par.* *Polyxena* by *Priamu's* Command,  
And *Hecuba's*, is forc'd to give her Hand,  
To be the Sacrifice for all our Lives,  
*Achilles* woful Bride in *Pallas* Temple;  
Like poor *Andromeda*, to be there devour'd  
By this Land Monster; — — —  
But I, like *Theſeus* flying from the Gods,  
Will reſcue her, and in his greedy Hand;  
Before the Priest has ſaid his binding Pray'r,  
This happy Arm, fledg'd with a venom'd Dart,  
Shall ſend a Poyſon to his Mortal Place,  
And ſnatch her from his eager wiſh'd Embrace — — —  
Theſe Shouts proclaim the *Grecian* Princes nigh,  
To meet the King, and grace *Achilles* Wedding.

Retire, and with thy beſt Perſuaſions  
Divert the Mind of poor *Polyxena*.

[*Shouts miſbin. Do!*

*And.*

*And. Revenge, and Hector's Ghost shall be my Guide.*

*Exit Andromache.*

*Enter to Paris, Agam. and Ulysses at one door,  
and Priamus and Guards at another.*

*Aga.* The Heav'ns preserve the Mighty *Phrygian* King,  
And *Troy's* Preserver, favour'd by the Gods;  
Thus *Agamemnon*, and the *Grecian* Princes,  
Embrace the Union by *Achilles* made,  
Accept that Love has been so long exil'd;  
Brave Breasts are subject still to gallant Enmity,  
That laid aside, contain the noblest Friendship.

*Pri.* How gay, and beautiful does Peace appear,  
Sprung from the aged grisly Bed of War.  
This lovely offspring of a Ten Years Siege,  
Has made us all enamour'd of her Charms.  
The Joy had been too great without allay,  
Had *Hector* liv'd t' have seen this happy day.

*Aga.* By *Hector's* Death you but exchange a Son,  
*Achilles* now his Virtues, and his Place does own.

*Ulyss.* And more than that, we come not empty handed,  
But bring a Gift, a Sacrifice of Peace,  
That *Jupiter* himself wou'd gladly own,  
A noble Statue from Original,  
Divinely consecrate to your great Goddess  
*Pallas*, whom we most humbly now implore  
To take this Godlike Image to her self,  
And ever whilst she looks on that, forget  
The Crime done by *Ulysses* and the *Grecians*,  
In stealing her Divine *Palladium*,  
And so from hence to everlasting Ages,  
It shall be call'd the great *Palladian* Horse.

*Pri.* What Miracle is this of which you tell!

*Ulyss.* This glorious Body's of so vast a Bigness,  
That the most wide, and lofty of your Gates  
Too little is to let in—Give then Command  
That straight it may be brought into the Town,  
And I'll make known the Wonder of the World,

And

And Bounty of the Gods to Troy.

*Pri.* Quickly, with all the Joyful Speed that can,  
Let a vast Gap be made in ev'ry Wall,  
And let the Priests, and all that are religious,  
In Triumph, and with Songs of Gratitude,  
Conduct this Guardian of our City in.

*Ulyss.* Know, Noble *Trojans*, that when first we ravish'd  
Your dread *Palladium*, with such prodigious Joy  
To *Greece*, and Terrour to the Hearts of *Troy*,  
I wish *Ulysses* had that Night been slain,  
Or lost these Eyes that guided him, or left  
These most prophane and Sacrilegious Arms  
Mangled, and cut from my unhappy Body,  
That first laid impious Hands upon her Godhead,  
Which brought so great a Plague amongst our Army :  
For worse than what you dreaded fell on us ;  
You only fear'd, what we have felt with horror ;  
Which still our Policy has kept conceal'd,  
Till *Calchas*, by Divinity inspir'd,  
And by the Mercy of the Goddess, did invent  
This Horse, by skilful *Epeus* fram'd, to be  
An endless Sacrifice, and Refuge for us ;  
Which was no sooner done, but her pleas'd Vengeance staid. —  
The Reason why it's Vastness was design'd,  
Was, if we had been forc'd to quit the Siege,  
And leave so great a Blessing to our Foes behind,  
It should be held a thing impossible  
To be convey'd into your City.

**SCENE** opens, and discovers *Caassandra* in a  
distracted posture, with her Hair loose, running and  
catching hold of several *Trojans* that pass hastily  
to and fro the Streets, bringing in the Horse.

*Cass.* Hold *Trojans*, hold, you wilful wretched Men ;  
Are you all mad ? Or have you been so long  
Us'd and condemn'd to constant Misery,  
That y' are grown senseless and like the Salamander  
Live best in hottest Fires : — O stay, O hold  
Your dreadful Hands that pull a Vengeance on

Your



Your wretched Heads — Hark, hear my Voice in time! *baA*  
 And let me roar into your Adders Ears,  
*The damn'd in Hell are not so wretched as*  
*You are* — Ah me! why all this haſt ingrateful *Trojans*?  
 Muſt theſe magnifick Walls be traml'd on,  
 That have defended you, your Wives and Children,  
 So long, to let in this deteſted Pageant!  
 O ominous Signs of your ſevere Deſtruction! —  
 Stay, hear me once, before y' are quite undon:

*Achilles* with a Thouſand *Myrmidons*

Is not ſo dreadful as this fatal Horſe —

[ *Shouts.* ]

D'y' ſhout ye dull infatuated Monſters!

This treach'rous Joy betrays your Deſtiny:

For your own Voyces ring your Funeral Knells,

And your vile hands have batter'd down theſe Walls,

Whoſe ruinous, and revengful Heaps ſhall bury you.

*Par.* *Cassandra*, Sir, is broke amongſt the Throng,

And now again infected with her Madneſs,

And fill'd with ſome deceitful Propheſie,

Rails in the Streets with Curſes in her Mouth.

The fearful *Trojans* hearken in a maze,

Forſake their Stations, and with wonder gaze.

*Pri.* Let her alone, ſhe's wretched only to her ſelf,

Born under ſuch a Curſe, ſhe ſtill does grieve,

That none that hears her ever can believe.

*The great Horſe is diſcover'd.*

*Caff.* It comes, it comes, the Fatal How'rs at hand,

This Monumental Pride ſhall ſink thy Land,

And thy vaſt Towers, ſwell'd with prodigious Height,

Shall groan, and fall under its mighty Weight —

Where ſhall *Cassandra* ſhew her Steps the way

To hide her from the Horreur of this Day? —

Come all you Hills, your Weight upon me lay;

Yet, yet more Mountains, yet more Earth I lack —

*Atlas* come throw the World upon my back,

And hide me, where I may for ever dwell

Beyond the uttermoſt Abyſs of Hell,

Where I may ſee no *Trojan* Miſeries,

Nor Fiends torment me with their roaring Cries.

*Par.*

*Par.* See, see the wond'rous Horse appears so high,  
As if it nodded from the lofty Sky,  
And did descend to lick the Dew on Mountains.

*Cassandra comes forward upon the Stage.*

*Cass.* Ah *Priamus*, what has thy folly done,  
Unworthy to be call'd *Dardanus* Son? —  
Why has thy Mortal Hands prophan'd with Guilt  
These Walls, by *Neptune* and *Apollo* built;  
*Troy's* Sacred Beauty, and its Strength remov'd,  
By *Phæbus*, and the *Ocean* so belov'd? —  
Behold this Horse, 'tis not the *Grecians* God,  
But the vast Trees, that on Mount *Ida* stood,  
Has brought forth this prodigious Birth of Wood. }  
His Belly is a Camp that holds an Army,  
And those hard monstrous Rows of dreadful Teeth  
Are Trenches that it is defended with;  
Those wide and gaping Nostrils Air receive,  
And draw in breath, whereby a Thousand live;  
This Land-Ship in it's monstrous Deck infolds  
More than your Fleet upon the Ocean holds.  
You are deceiv'd to think you have no Foes;  
They are not all remov'd to *Tenedos*:  
For the best part of all the *Grecian* Force  
Is muster'd in the Belly of this Horse.

*Ulyss.* O hateful Blasphemy against the Gods!  
She is possess'd by some infernal Spirit,  
That makes this horrid Sound come from her Mouth. —  
'Tis your ill Fate that threatens you, O *Trojans*,  
Who envious of your Happiness  
Come cover'd o're with her Religious Madness,  
To ruin you if you believe her.

*Pri.* Bear it, with all your Sacred Reverence,  
To *Pallas* Temple, and there let it stand,  
Where once the great *Palladium* stood.

*Cass.* O dreadful Sound! O woful King of *Troy*,  
And Traitor to thy own Felicity! —  
Must her Walls down? her golden Roofs lie flat,  
To be a Stable for this filthy Horse!

Have you no pity, no remorse left for your selves ?  
 O save the Cries of Infants, that this Night  
 Will all be torn from their dear Mothers Breasts,  
 And their young Heads be dash'd against the Walls,  
 And ravish'd Virgins run about the Streets  
 With fearful Shreiks, to wake the groaning Dead  
 To their Relief.

*Pri.* Take her away ; convey her to her Cloister,  
 There let her hollow to the Marble Walls,  
 Till she's convinc'd, and come t' her self again.

*Cass.* O hear me first, my Knees bent to the Ground,  
 My Eyes with Tears, and Showers of Sorrow drown'd —  
 Stay your Commands, benum'd, and wretched King,  
 Are y'all turn'd Statues with *Ulysses* Tale ?  
 The Adamantine Rocks, or frigid Zone,  
 Are more relenting, and more soft than you. —  
 I was an evil Spirit, and deceiv'd you,  
 When I foretold the Fate of *Troilus*,  
 And gallant *Hector's* Death, which the rash Men  
 Had both avoided, had they heard my Counsel.

*Pri.* Guards instantly remove her.

*Cass.* O mind what I shall tell ; This Hill of Wood,  
 This Mountain of prodigious Timber here  
 Does groan to be deliver'd of a Monster  
 More fierce then *Hydra*, with a thousand Heads  
 Arm'd with impenetrable Steel — mind you —  
 It's ev'ry motion makes a jarring Sound,  
 As if the Gods, to punish 'em, had rais'd  
 A civil War within it's spacious Womb. —  
 I saw old *Laacoon*, with Zeal inspir'd,  
 Run from the steep and high Watch Tower of *Troy*,  
 ( A Launce grasp'd in his steddly hand ) from whence  
 He saw this dreadful Engin first appear,  
 And dauntless making to the huge Machine,  
 Struck with his Spear a mighty Blow thereon,  
 When straight there issu'd from it's bellowing sides,  
 A noise like Thunder, when *Joves* angry Bolts  
 Are troll'd along the Pavement of the Sky,  
 Or th' ratling Sound of *Phæbus* Chariot Wheels,  
 Driving along the Marble Firmament.



*Ulyss*, Now may the Goddess strike this Woman dead  
That shew'd her Vengeance on old *Laacoon's* Head. —  
Witness you just revengful Powers on high,  
And you brave *Trojans*, kill me if I lye.  
No sooner had he done this horrid Deed,  
But Heav'n this Judgment for his fault decreed ;  
I saw the giddy, and prophane old Priest, —  
With long wreath'd Serpents twisted round his Body,  
And on his Breast, in view of all  
The *Trojan* Princes, and the *Grecian* Kings,  
The fearful Adders left their forked Stings.

*Cass*. O it was false, your Eyes were all deceiv'd ;  
It was a Trick, the Cunning of *Ulysses*,  
To cheat your Sights with such deluding Objects,  
Which to my Sense Illusions did appear,  
And all the Serpents, Conjurations were.

*Pri*. I'll hear no more — Away with her —  
And shut her up for ever in her Vault —

[*Guards offer to take her away.*]

Come Princes, now my Son *Achilles* wants you,  
Longing till you conduct him to the Temple.

*Cass*. Hear then, what Heav'n by me foretels you,  
The Goddess from this minute hates you all,  
Eternal Ruin on your Heads shall fall — [Raves.]  
Heark, heark — The Noise begins — The Tempest rolls,  
That swallows up your misbelieving Souls —  
Pale fac'd Revenge with tall red Murther meets  
With noise of Blood, and Horrour in the Streets —  
The Horse has litter'd, see, and from it breaks  
A thousand untam'd, mad, and furious *Greeks* —  
There's *Diomedes*, *Ajax* too, and more,  
Give the Watch-Word — Now all the *Grecians* roar ;  
The Thunder's loud, and *Pallas* Temple shakes,  
The Noise, mad sleeping *Hecuba* awakes ;  
Half naked, and distract along she reels,  
A Tribe of ravish'd Matrons at her heels —  
Give me my Children, then aloud She's heard ; —  
And takes that old rough *Grecian* by the Beard. —  
See, all around shines a bright burning Light,  
And *Hector's* Ghost runs trembling at the sight —

There's old *Anchises*, out of breath, and lame,  
 Beckens his Son to help him from the Flame ;  
 Then good *Aeneas*, through the fiery Track,  
 Carries his aged Sire upon his back —  
 Pity the poor young Man — Away, away,  
 The blazing Tow'rs shall guide thy Steps till day. —  
 So — Diffolution reigns — Destruction's nigh —  
 Help us, *Cassandra*, now in vain they cry —  
 I see — I hear, but will in spite be dumb —  
 Burn *Ilium*, burn — I told you what wou'd come.

*Exit Mad.*

*Pri.* Run, quickly follow her, and watch her Steps —  
 She is arriv'd to the extremest height  
 Of wretched Madness.

*Enter to them Achilles, Polyxena, Helen,  
 and Andromache attended.*

*Ach.* Why, beauteous Goddess, dost thou lay aside  
 The charming Features of a chearful Bride?  
 Bedew'st the Earth in waft with Pearly Show'rs?  
 Where Virgins in the way have scatter'd Flow'rs.  
 Joy in the Face of all the World appears;  
 But sad *Polyxena* is still in Tears. —

Welcome brave Gen'ral, by my Joy thou art ; [To Agam.]

Welcome *Ulysses*, welcome to my Heart —

Where's *Diomedes*, *Ajax*, and the rest ?

Cou'd they not come to see *Achilles* blest !

Thou *Agamemnon*, enviest not the Sight,  
 To see me lie, and bask in Heav'n to Night —

O how the Pleasure to my Sense is brought,  
 Beyond the exquisite Device of Thought.

My longing Arms about her I will twine,  
 Like Woodbine, Jessamin, or the curling Vine ;

She, like the Sun, when the kind Spring is nigh,

And I the ravish'd Globe lie melting by ;

Still brooding o're the Treasure of my Love,

And laugh at all the envious Gods above.

*And. Polyxena*, you are unjust to mourn,

Y<sup>e</sup> are happy, and your Joys are all to come,  
But mine are bury'd in my *Hector's* Tomb.

*Polyx.* Ah Sister, will you not believe these Eyes?  
I swear, I'de rather go a Sacrifice,  
And offer up my Blood, this Peace to gain,  
Than be the Queen of all this Nuptial Train. —  
Yet I must go to keep you all from Ruin.

*And.* But canst not save thy Husband's hated Breath. [*Aside.*]

*Ach.* Come my dear Friends, and let's to *Hymen* go,  
With all the Pomp, and Glory we can shew —  
Come beauteous *Helen*, and *Andromache*,  
And thou most fair, and beauteous of the Three;  
*Cynthia* bedeck't with Stars, shines not so bright,  
As thou shalt gild the lower World to Night —  
Let these two Princes take thee by the Hands,  
As *Jove*, and *Mars*, led *Venus* o're the Sands,  
Or as thy Mother *Hecuba* was led  
By *Asian* Kings, a Globe upon her Head, }  
And brought in Triumph to her Nuptial Bed — }  
Ah! Father *Priam*, why do we not go? —  
Come all you *Sylvan* Gods, and strew the way,  
You Nymphs, and Virgins sing before, and play,  
Whilst my Divine *Polyxena*, and I,  
View all around *Elysium* Tapestry —  
Let confin'd Lovers wanton under ground,  
We'll tread above, with Nobler Pleasures crown'd —  
Tell me the Tales of amorous Gods no more,  
We are Immortal, and Divine all o're,  
The thousand ways to Pleasure *Jove* enjoys  
Are less than the dear Blessings of these Eyes.

*Exeunt, as to the Temple, Achilles led by Andromache and Helen, and Polyxena led by Agam. and Ulysses. Manet Paris Solus.*

*Par.* 'A goes, with Loves great Expectation curst,  
And fill'd so full, this moment a' will burst.  
Love shall prolong thy Destiny no more,  
Whose borrow'd Wings does proudly make thee Soar. —  
Help me, ye Gods, and lift me up on high,



## The Destruction

To pull this horrid Meteor from the Sky,  
 Though thou dost ride the Chariot of the Sun,  
 Fate shall assist this Hand, to strike thee down,  
 Rash *Phaeton*, like whom thou dost aspire,  
 With thy hot Brain to set the World on Fire.

*Paris going off, the Scene draws to the Temple, and discovers Priamus, Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, Polyxena, Helen, and Andromache, Priests, and Attendants. Priamus giving Polyxena to Achilles, Paris behind the Altar.*

*Pri.* Forgetting, brave *Achilles*, what we've lost,  
 And the revengeful Crys of *Hector's* Ghost,  
 To please the Gods, and end this fatal Strife,  
 I give you my lov'd Daughter for a Wife,  
 In hopes you'll prove a far more happy Son,  
 And heal the *Trojans* of the Wrongs y' have done —  
 Now *Hymen*, and the Priests, conclude the rest,  
 And *Pallas* in the Heavens make you blest.

*Paris behind the Altar unseen, flings a Dart, and wounds Achilles. They all come forward upon the Stage. The Temple shuts.*

*Ach.* Ha! ha! *Polyxena* — what ails my Heart!  
 Sure 'twas not Love that gave that deadly smart —  
 I'm hurt — O Gods! Who can the Pain endure!  
 O *Hercules*! I'm struck with Lightning.  
 Help me — I'm stung — O give me room,  
 Some Serpent 'tis has bit me by the Heel,  
 I was Immortal else. —

*And.* Thanks *Paris*, thou the gallant Deed hast done. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* His Life's betray'd, there's Treason, though unknown —  
 Princes, let ev'ry man secure his own.

*Polyx.* Ah me, how miserable was I born!

*Pri.* Bear witness all ye Gods my Innocence!  
 I'm more astonish'd at the Deed than you.

*Ach.* What Coward, Slave, has hurt me in this Part,  
 That durst not look *Achilles* in the Face —

*Ulysses,*

*Ulysses, Ulysses* — Take thy keen Sword,  
And with thy courteous Arm cut off this Joynt —  
Quick, quick — Base, and untimely am I snatch'd.

*Ulyss.* Seek out the Traytor. [Paris comes forward.]

*Par.* You need not — Here he stands that did the Deed.

I *Paris*, in the Face of all the World, — — —  
And in the sight of *Jove*, will Justifie,  
That this revengeful, and successful Arm,  
Has done it, for the sake of *Troilus*,  
Whom cowardly, and basely he did murder,  
Incompass'd with his bloody *Myrmidons* ;  
Then him, and *Hector*, most obscenely dragg'd  
About the Walls, in sight of all the *Trojans*,  
That saw the dismal Sight with bleeding Hearts,  
And weeping Eyes.

*Ach.* Ha, *Jove* ! Must I then fall by him whose Head  
But Yesterday I sav'd from Slaughter !  
Hear me *Alcides*, help thy bleeding Son — —  
In spite of Tortures — All the Pangs of Hell  
Shan't hinder me, but like a wounded Lion  
I'll rush upon him, tear him with my Fangs  
And sprinkle his nauseous Blood about the Air — — —  
Ha ! Let me go — D'ye hold me ? — Let me go —  
What shall *Achilles* know the cursed Slave,  
Whose Hand has kill'd him, and die unreveng'd !  
Hear me *Ulysses*, — Help me *Agamemnon* — —  
Where — where are my *Myrmidons* ? — Go fetch 'em — —  
Hear, hear *Achilles* — —

*Par.* Guards all assist me, and secure my Life — —  
Who ever stirs shall meet *Achilles* Fate.

*Pri.* Ye Gods ! What's in this moment to be done.

*Ulyss.* Fly thou with all the Wings of faithful speed,  
[Aside to two Grecians.]

And bid the Camp at *Tenedos* remove,  
And swiftly lead their Army forth to *Troy* — —  
Another run to watchful *Synon* straight ;  
Command him to unlock the Horse this Moment — —  
Tell *Diomedes*, *Ajax*, and the rest,  
That now's the time to issue forth, and win  
The Town — — Go, tell 'em what has happen'd,

And bid 'em be as quick as Lightning.

[*Exeunt* 2 *Grecians*.]

*Ach.* Help me — O carry me but to the Traitor —  
 Shepherd — Come from the Covert of thy Guards,  
 And if thou dar'st, out face me in the Storm —  
 O *Thetis*! pray the Gods to lend me Wings  
 Instead of Feet, to help thy wounded Son,  
 That I may fly like the Imperial Bird,  
 And snatch this Mountain-Pigeon for my Prey —  
 Am I forsaken? — Gods, will not you hear me then? —  
 Still dost thou weep, my dear *Polyxena*! [To *Polyx.*]  
 Art thou not glad, glad that this hated man  
 Is snatch'd away in view of all his Hopes,  
 That murder'd *Troilus*, and kill'd brave *Hector*,  
 In spite of all thy Pray'rs, and softer Tears, —  
 Whose gentle Pow'r might then have staid, and charm'd  
 Thunder from the revengeful Hand of *Jove* —  
 Now, now I feel the weight of all thy Curses,  
 And heavier Sorrows on me.

*Polyx.* I wish this Tongue of mine had then been blasted,  
 Or that those Curses had light heavier on  
 This woful Head; I then had been more happy.

*Par.* Brave *Agamemnon*, since the thing is done,  
 That all the Power of Man can ner'e retrieve,  
 And *Troilus*, and *Hector* are reveng'd,

*Paris* declares in the behalf of *Troy*,  
 That in *Achilles* all its Foes are slain —  
 Henceforth we'll call you Friends, and from our Hearts  
 Embrace the Peace, as was before design'd,

*Ulyss.* *Trojans*, Let us retreat: for we deny  
 All Friendship with the Murd'ers of *Achilles*.

*Ach.* Thanks kind *Ulysses*, bravely hast thou said:  
 Revenge will please my Ghost when I am dead —  
 Let all the *Grecians* to my Burial come,  
 And there repeat their Vows upon my Tomb,  
 That *Troy* in Pyramids of Flames shall burn,  
 Its Gold and Jewels into Ashes turn,  
 And only spare this Virgin for my sake.

[*Meaning Polyx.*]

[*Alarm, and shouts within.*]

*Ulyss.*



*Ulyss.* Achilles has no sooner said the word,  
But his Revenge is come.

*Enter a Trojan.*

*Troj.* Fly *Priamus*, to Refuge straight retire,  
Your Enemies come arm'd with Sword and Fire.  
Thousands of *Grecians* set the Streets on Flame,  
Whil'st we stand all amaz'd from whence they came.  
Legions without encompass round the Town;  
Sure all the Gods to aid 'em are come down:  
For less than in a moment *Troy* is won. }

*Pri.* Now we find true *Cassandra's* Words too late. —  
Come sad Remainder of lost *Priam's* Children,  
Let us all burn, and die together.

*And.* With greater Joy, than live after my *Hector*.

*Ach.* O stay by me — O save *Polyxena*.

*Exeunt Priam. Polyx. Andr. and Helen.*

*Paris.* Damn'd Traitors! Yet I am resolv'd  
To die no Coward's Death.

*Ach.* Hold *Agamemnon*, and support me firm —  
Inspire me with new Strength ye Gods, but till  
I die reveng'd — 'A falls, the Traitor falls.

*Agamemnon, and Ulysses support Achilles  
who kills Paris.*

And thus I triumph in my Death.

*Par.* Farwell to Beauty now, and all the World,  
*Helen*, and I have troubl'd it too long —

My Soul moves heavy onwards with the thoughts,  
That *Menelaus* now will grasp thee all —

Take her — O there's the Hell I go to meet with —

Bear witness Heav'n I part not with my Life

With half so much regret.

[ Dies. ]

SCENE opens, and discovers *Troy Burning.*

L

*Ulyss.*

*Ulyss.* Look there *Achilles*, see that gallant Sight,  
Will that revive thee? Now in Flames thou seest  
*Troy* burn thy Sacrifice before thou diest,  
And each of all thy gallant *Myrmidons*  
Revenge their Masters Death with slaughter of  
A thousand murder'd *Trojans*.

*Ach.* When e're I fell, thus 'twas decreed on high,  
Thus shou'd be seen, thus *Thetis* Son shou'd die,  
A Kingdoms Ruin to attend my Fall,  
And burning Cities light my Funeral. —  
Like the Suns Bird, the Phoenix, in her Fire,  
In Flames of Gold, and Spices, I'll expire. —  
Come fellow Soldiers, help me to a Seat,  
And lay this cursed *Trojan* at my Feet. —

*They seat Achilles in a Chair with Paris beneath  
his feet. Achilles looks towards the Town.*

Thus, like the King of Slaughter from my Throne,  
I'll send my Guard of Fates to scourge the Town,  
And thus in State, till my last wandering Breath,  
Sit, and behold the Pageantry of Death.

[*Achilles Dies.*]

*Ag.* He's gone, and as he always liv'd, a' dies;  
The haughtiest, greatest, bravest Man on Earth.

*Enter to them Diomedes, Menelaus, Ajax, Cap-  
tains, and Soldiers. A Retreat Sounded.*

*Dio.* Sound a Retreat from all your thirst of Blood;  
Our Mortal Senses can indure no more —  
Brave *Agamemnon*, and *Ulysses* safe!  
We come to crown you with Eternal Fame —  
All Obstacles that stood before our way,  
Are either drown'd in Blood, or burnt in Flame.

*Men.* What, mourn you o're *Achilles* Body there!

*Ajax.* Then is our Conquest sulli'd with Despair.

*Dio.* Had we won all the World, and this to see,  
It were a fatal Check to Victory.

*Ag.* What are become of all the *Trojan* Princes? —

*Hera.*

Here lieth *Paris* at *Achilles* Feet,  
Slain by that gallant Man, who first by him,  
Was in *Minerva's* Temple basely wounded.

*Dio.* The lamentable King and Queen,  
With the poor Remnant of their Friends, and Daughters,  
Were all surpris'd by us, where they had fled  
For Refuge to the Temple—With this hand  
I Sacrific'd the bleeding *Priamus*,  
Just bending on his knees before the Altar;  
But all the Women, we took pity on,  
And have secur'd them free from any harm,  
Only *Andromache* escap'd our Care,  
And to the Temple she again return'd,  
Where, with her Husband's Ashes she was burnd.

*Aga.* Now Brother *Menelaus*,  
You with your beauteous *Helen* may repair,  
And homewards bring the Price of all the War.

*Ulyss.* Thus we see ended all these fatal Broils,  
The Plague of War, and Ten Years constant Toils—  
First lend each noble Arm to lift in State,  
This gallant Corps, and mourn *Achilles* Fate; }  
Then, like a Soldier, bear him to the Fleet,  
Losing no time to court inconstant Gales,  
But with glad Shouts fill all our empty Sails,  
Turning our Joyful Eyes upon the Plain,  
Where the sad *Troy* in Ashes does remain.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.



## Epilogue, Spoken by Mrs. Quynn.

**T**He Author is to beg your kindness now ;  
He therefore chose me out the Task to do :  
For Women are best skill'd in wheedling you.  
He knows not yet how you have Censur'd him,  
Whether his Epilogue you will esteem,  
As a glad Flonrish after Victory,  
Or the Swans Note, that sings when She's to die :  
But finding 'twas a Tax upon the Play,  
He rush'd on boldly, and thus bid me say, —  
To the fair Sex he first this Answer gives,  
If they shou'd chance to ask, why Helen lives ?  
It was the truth, as History declares,  
(If there were any such as Trojan Wars,)  
If this fam'd Seige were no Bear-Garden Fray,  
And Ajax was no Butcher, as some say —  
Yet let her live, and find a far worse Doom,  
T'a Jealous Cuckold to be ty'd at home,  
Think how to Jilt; and never have the Pow'r,  
And that's a Curse that many of us indure. —  
Next, to the Men, if they're displeas'd, to find  
Her Husband, after all this Stir, so kind,  
We must confess that it is strange to see ;  
Yet some of you have don't, more quietly ;  
Not like th' Heroick Cuckold who for's Bride  
Has at the Bar as fierce a Combat try'd,  
As Hector, and Achilles ever did,  
Of which more fam'd Records are in the Hall,  
Than are of Troy, or Amadis de Gaule —  
As for the Men of Gallantry, and Wit,  
That love like Paris, and like Hector fight,  
They will not sure be sorry when they see  
This good Example for their Ease to be :  
For who among you's such a hungry Lover  
Wou'd after ten years eat the same Dish over.  
Next for Andromache, 'tis hard to find  
A Wife that is so constant, or so kind :  
We've no such foolish widow in our Nation  
That will be taught by such a Scurvy Fashion ;  
But soon as e're She can, think of betrothing  
Some proper, brawny Fellow that has nothing.

FINIS.